



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
"John Gardner Small Craft Workshop"
"Going Solo" - "Building a Hybrid Canoe"

Volume 23 - Number 6

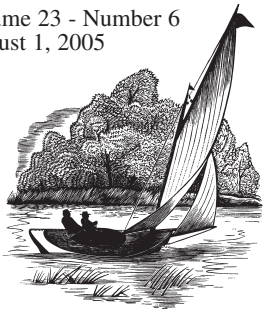
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On the Cover...

Small boats don't come much more traditional than Howie Mittleman's 1979 Swampscott dory, one of 50 traditional small craft at this year's John Gardner Small Craft Meet at Mystic Seaport. Full coverage in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



After attending the Small Craft Workshop at Mystic Seaport in Mystic, Connecticut, for ever so many years I hafta watch it when I undertake once again to comment upon the event and its evolution, its ups and downs, and its changing nature to avoid tiresomely repeating myself. In 2003 I reminisced some by reprinting from my comments in my first report on this event in our first year of publication, 1983, sort of establishing over those intervening 20 years that "it ain't like it used to be."

This time-worn phrase is a commonplace one for anyone who has been around long enough in any activity, employment, or neighborhood and usually implies that it was better then than it is now. While it may very well be that the subject of the observation has indeed changed for the worse, more often it is just that it has changed and no longer has the cachet that drew one in way back then.

Just about all of life's experiences follow a sort of curve, with a very steep upswing to a height of enthusiasm followed by a plateau and then a gradual decline, how gradual dependent upon one's attention span or sudden changes in life that cut off an involvement altogether. My annual visit to the Mystic meet over 25 years now (with a few exceptions in the mid-'90s) delineates just how far my once fervent enthusiasm for traditional small craft, and the attendant urge to maybe build one of my own, has declined. A lot. But the slope is very gradual, this is now about a 30-year involvement which shows no signs of reaching its end yet.

I doubt very much if I would be attending now if it were not for this magazine. My role as journalist provides me with the incentive and interest once created by the boats themselves and the people I came to know and befriend who shared my particular enthusiasm. I still find the boats attractive and have come to know a number of interesting new people as my former acquaintances have gradually disappeared from the scene.

With all this in mind, I wonder what might be done to energize the Small Craft Meet each June to attract more of those who we know are out there with an interest in traditional small craft. Peter Vermilya doggedly soldiers on year after year striving for answers while retaining pretty much the same old formula which has worked for so long, mainly the attraction of trying the boats supplemented with a few scheduled programs related to small craft construction. This year he enticed four participants to bring camper cruisers and tell those interest-

ed about their experiences. This presentation attracted about two dozen participants, of interest surely but not a hot button.

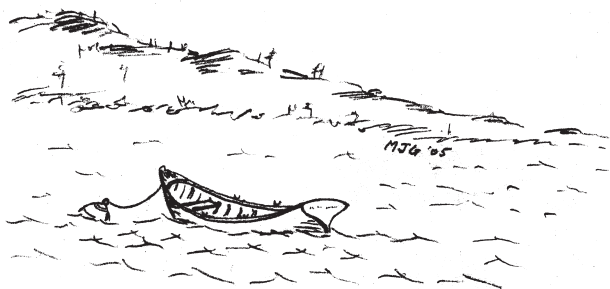
Comparisons have been made with the fall Chesapeake Bay Small Craft Festival at St. Michaels, Maryland, an event which is thriving with enthusiastic participation. Like the Mystic meet, it is hosted by a museum and so it costs quite a lot to attend, not as much as Mystic yet (\$50), but rising. Unlike Mystic, it has always provided on-site camping. Unlike Mystic, it has always scheduled "races." Unlike Mystic, it has had a participant advisory group to assist the Chesapeake Maritime Museum's John Ford in his organizing, planning, and running of the event.

But now the Chesapeake event is suffering a space crunch, long an affliction at Mystic. Adjacent vacant waterfront has always been made available to the Chesapeake Museum for beach launchings and overnight camping. Now we hear this land has been sold and developed. It remains to be seen what will be done about camping and water front space for the number of people and boats that now turn up.

The space crunch at Mystic is a contributing factor to limiting how many will bring boats, potential participants view the dockside crowding and the usually jammed, tiny beach and worry about their precious small craft suffering unintended damage. The only room for expansion would be to take over the adjacent docks of Sharon Brown's boat livery, but then what would become of those museum craft which are made available for tryout at no cost to workshop participants? And the tiny beach is all there is, period, for the small kayaks, canoes, and rowboats.

More organized activities (races anyone?) would require people to undertake organizing and running them, volunteers such as happens at Chesapeake. Mystic does not have the personnel available to undertake such tasks. Is there anyone out there who would consider volunteering to organize and run special activities?

You might very well ask, "Why be concerned about growth if there's no room?" Well, that atomic bomb term "critical mass" applies to public gatherings. Crowd fever, perhaps, but when a group participating in an activity reaches a certain size, the reaction takes off and afterwards those who were there are exulted. Exultation is good for the heart, be it yours or mine or the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop's.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

For a modest fee, one can join in a charter boat party and spend a day fishing for cod off southern New England. We left home about daybreak and drove an hour-and-a-half until we fetched up at Point Judith in Narragansett. Shelter Harbor they call it, and for good reason. Two arms of breakwater nearly meet in a loving embrace of the harbor. Within is a sanctuary from the rips and the wind. We found our boat, an 80' steel vessel, and strode aboard. The weather was no worse than usual, the fish awaited us anxiously, we were healthy and hungry and wanted a second breakfast. By eight o'clock the diesels commenced to churn and, ten minutes later, we backed away from the pier. A pot of coffee simmered in the deck house and 20 people, mostly men, crowded about and fumbled with the sugar.

Once outside the breakwater we felt the effect of contrary tides and a stiff breeze. The seas were running no more than 4'-5' but it was choppy. Every vessel handles the sea in its own particular way, and our vessel responded in a delightful screwing motion that reminded me of trying to land a sizable eel using very light tackle. The stem lifted ever so gently, then pirouetted, and I found I had poured my coffee inside my shirt. Perhaps these doughnuts would be easier to manage. And they were. At least until my stomach began to lurch. I've been aboard numerous boats, been to the Caribbean twice on large ships, crossed the Atlantic through 15' seas on a steamer, and never felt more than a passing queasiness. This topped them all. And just for flavor, the diesel fumes followed me everywhere and gagged me. I asked around but no one had any Dramamine.

Ten miles off shore our little ship was pretending to be an Archimedes screw with admirable results. I'd never known that a boat could pitch and roll and yaw and shudder simultaneously. The doughnuts were very unhappy. They told me the lodgings were less than suitable and gave me notice they were moving out, immediately. I made it to the lee rail and granted their wish. My companion shook his head. "It's no use chumming for cod, they never come to the surface." I gave him a twisted smile and wiped my mouth. We finally arrived at our destination and the skipper backed down and kept her heading not quite into the wind and angled only slightly into the chop. The shuddering stopped. Except in my innermost spaces.

All about people were baiting up and claiming positions to fish along the rail. The leeward rail was popular, you don't get spray in your face. Unfortunately, I needed the leeward rail for my penance but no one seemed desirous of my company. The waist of the ship was the easiest place to fish, being closest to the water and least affected by pitching. I found myself ostracized up in the bows where the pitching was magnified. Up, up, up, and then, oohhh, not again, down. I decorated the whole lee side of that boat. The doughnuts were gone. The eggs and toast from 6am were gone. Last night's supper was gone. Last week's supper was gone. Nothing was left save lovely, lovely bile. That seemed destined to stay.

I tried the fantail, that was considerably calmer. But even more diesel exhaust collected there. If you ever need an antidote for a good digestion, I recommend diesel fumes. I finally lay down on a bench in the deck house and tried my best not to fall off it. I was quite successful 90% of the time. My one consolation was not many fish were caught. After what seemed like weeks we headed for port. Fortunately the worst was over. I stumbled ashore and avidly gulped some fresh water. An hour later I tried solid food. Success! That night I slept like the dead. The next morning my girlfriend brought me coffee... and doughnuts.

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Activities & Events...

Only Three Boats Finished

The 51st Mug Race, the 40-mile sail race from Palatka to Jacksonville in Florida, was a classic. I managed to make all preparations despite some sciatic nerve trouble. We drove to Palatka on Thursday. Friday we unloaded my sailing canoe *Sugar* and set her up on the motel waterfront. Then I went to the Rudder Club to get registration and race numbers to put on the sail, then back to my Palatka motel. Put numbers on sail and put my boat in position for a 7:30am start.

I had a bad night with sciatica, went to van to get aspirin, no find, and then locked my keys in the van. At 5:30 I was up, looked out the window, the lights from the bridge showed the river looked like a mirror. After 7:00am I decided to pull my boat back from the launch area. Boats were motoring out to start but there was no wind so I called the Rudder Club to report I was not going to start. The rudder club official said, "I know you and know your boat. I think you have made a wise decision."

I got a locksmith to unlock the van, loaded the boat, and went to Noble's going north on Rt. 13 along the east shore of the St John's River. As I looked back up the river not one sail was in sight. At Noble Enge's house we waited in the lawn chairs to see the racers go by. Many motored past but it was about 5:00pm when we saw a big catamaran with spinnaker go by under sail.

The next day we learned 175 boats started and only three finished by the 8:15pm deadline. The first boat finished at 7:40pm. They reported it was an exhausting, tense, race. To find the wind and not spill it, etc., etc. Maybe next year I'll feel better.

Bob Halsey, Naples, FL

The Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society Regatta

The GLWSS held their annual gathering and regatta in 2004 in Huron, Ohio, along with a fine Irish festival. It was so much fun that the two will be combined again this year on August 12-13 at the Huron boat basin.

But there's more! As an incentive for all who are interested in wooden sailing boats, or any wooden boats of any sort, there will be free hot dogs, hamburgers, soft drinks, and beer. Seamus Donigan will be doing the cooking with help from the lovely and talented Naomi. This dinner of sorts will be served on Saturday evening followed by the Awards ceremony. And see Seamus Donigan on Friday or Saturday, he will provide you with a beer or two.

If you care to bring a boat to sail, paddle, or row, the basin and the mouth of the Huron River are good places for messing about. There is a launching ramp a few hundred yards from the basin and marinas.

Along with the singing and dancing of the Festival, the GLWSS will have a dinner gathering at Spreaders restaurant a few steps away, followed by socializing with the members and guests. This socializing actually starts on Friday around noon. Saturday at

11am the regatta starts. At the conclusion there is more socializing, (soda, beer, rum, etc., see Seamus Donigan for instructions).

The GLWSS is free to join and you do not need a boat. So join us for some wooden boat talk and a mug up. For more info about the event see the GLWSS website at geocities.com/glwss. Or contact Ruthie Goetz at 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145. Happy Sails!

Sheamus Donegan, Lancaster, NY

Information of Interest...

About Our Smart Bilge Pump

In the '90s my husband and I decided to sell a product relating to the marine industry. On a trip to Norway, Jon found the Smart Bilge Pump. He remembered having a similar product when he was a kid working with his father's fishing fleet in Norway. When I saw the pump I knew this was the product I wanted to be involved with. I found Imanna Laboratory, Inc., in Rockledge, Florida, and had the pump tested. I was delighted with the results which affirmed that we chose an excellent product, the Smart Bilge Pump.

Jon and I reside in Bandon, Oregon. We recently incorporated and have appointed a distributor in New England, Beetle, Inc., of Wareham, Massachusetts. They will be displaying the Smart Bilge Pump at their Beetle Cat exhibit at the Wooden Boat Show at the Newport Rhode Island Center on August 26-28. Stop by and take a look or let them know of your personal experience with the pump. The feedback we have received from wooden boat owners is great.

The pump is designed to work while anchored or moored. It is attached to the side toward the rear of a boat. The PVC hose is set up so the red seal is in the low end of the bilge. A big make sure is that the float is centered on the rod. Once that is accomplished, the pump does its job. Maintenance and assembly is simple.

For those who have never heard of the Smart Bilge Pump, I encourage you to visit our website at www.jrsupplies.com. For those without a computer, call us at (800) 350-0564, or inspect the pump at the Wooden Boat Show.

JR's Supplies, Inc., 88034 Dew Valley Lane, Bandon, OR 97411



Beetle, Inc. Report

Beetle, Inc. has been busy building new boats and getting the rest of the fleet ready for the summer. We continue to make improvements to the new shop and encourage all Beetle Cat enthusiasts to stop by. It is important that the Beetle Cat community understand that Beetle, Inc. is alive and well, providing customer service, parts, advice, and friendship to all comers. Our new location in Wareham, Massachusetts, has been well received due to the more convenient location between Cape Cod and Narragansett Bay.

We are currently designing and building a 10'6" skiff conducive to tending to a Beetle Cat on the mooring as well as continuing construction of the 28' C.C. Hanley catboat. For the first time, Beetle, Inc. showcased the Beetle Cat at the Maine Boatbuilders Show and the Hyannis (Massachusetts) Maritime Festival. Thanks to all who stopped by for a visit and shared their Beetle Cat stories. We will also be exhibiting this summer at the Wooden Boat Show being held at the Newport Yachting Center August 26-28.

On May 9th Beetle, Inc. welcomed the Young Mariners and Shipwrights from Kickemuit Middle School with a tour of the shop and some hands-on bending of ribs on the Beetle Cat mold. The students expressed their appreciation afterward with a handmade plaque that is currently on display at the shop.

We look forward to attending the NEBCBA Championships in Barnstable, Massachusetts, on August 6th and 7th along with visits to some of the other racing fleets and yacht clubs around New England.

Michelle Buoniconto, Beetle, Inc., 3 Thatcher Ln., Wareham, MA 02571, (508) 295-8585.



Educational Opportunities...

Short Courses Set at the Apprenticeshop

The Apprenticeshop of Atlantic Challenge traditional boatbuilding school will offer a variety of courses for builders of all ages and skill levels this summer. Since its founding in 1972, the Apprenticeshop has been an advocate of wooden boats and apprenticing, emphasizing preserving the skills associated with wooden boats as well as the boats themselves.

August 9-11: Building a Sea Chest with the Whole Family (limited to six families).

August 1-8: Half Hull Modeling for Adults (limited to 6 participants).

August 17-18, 20-21: Lofting (limited to six participants).

All classes will be taught by Will West, Apprenticeshop Instructor. Will has an extensive background teaching boatbuilding and model making to both youth and adults. A boat builder for 25 years, he managed two

museum boat shops and shares an appreciation of time-honored building techniques with those who take part in the 'Shop's wooden boat building tradition.

Atlantic Challenge is an educational non-profit 501(c)(3) organization whose mission is to inspire personal growth through craftsmanship community and traditions of the sea. For more information, contact Atlantic Challenge at (207) 594-1800 or visit our website: www.atlanticchallenge.com, <<http://www.atlanticchallenge.com/>>

Where the Wooden Canoe Fleets Are

Are there any large fleets of wood and canvas canoes still out there still being used? Brian Back, from the Keewaydin Camps in Ontario, did some research on this question some time ago and published his findings in the Camp's newsletter. Here is a summary:

We all know about the large fleets that abounded during the early part of the 20th century, such as those at Norumbega Park and at similar locations around the country, but did any one think that there were still active wood-canvas fleets anywhere in the world today? Back knew about Keewaydin's commitment to wood-canvas canoes, but until he started poking around and asking questions he didn't realize that, indeed, quite a few good-sized fleets are still being maintained. After some research, with the help from a few WCHA members, he came up with what appears to be an unexpected number of institutions that are still using these canoes in their everyday activities.

In the end, it appears that all of the institutions are camps. The closest non-camp was a canoe renter, Jack's Boat House, in Washington, DC, that has a fleet of 17 wood-canvas canoes, but they are mostly retired and rotting away.

This is the listing of camps, their locations, and the number of wood canvas canoes and overall totals in each fleet:

- Keewaydin Camp, Ontario, 105 (148)
- Camps Ahmek & Wapomeo, Ontario, 101 (171)
- YMCA Camp Widjiwagan, Minnesota, 100 (165)
- Keewaydin Camp, Vermont, 68 (121)
- Camp Hurontario, Ontario, 62 (107)
- Camp Nominique, Quebec, 60 (60)
- YMCA Camp Pine Crest, Ontario, 48 (116)
- YMCA Camp Wanakita, Ontario, 45 (148)
- Camp Tanamakoon, Ontario, 43 (59)
- Darrow Wilderness Camp, Maine, 40 (41)
- Kilcoo Camp, Ontario, 40 (75)
- Wabun, Ontario, 38 (72)
- Flying Moose Lodge, Maine, 34 (43)
- YMCA Kanawana, Quebec, 34 (76)
- Camp Pathfinder, Ontario, 30 (50)
- Camp Tamakwa, Ontario, 30 (50)
- Onondaga Camp, Ontario, 26 (52)
- Wyonegonic Camp, Maine, 25 (50)
- Langskib Wilderness Program, Ontario, 24 (50)
- Camp Kandalore, Ontario, 24 (94)
- Camp Ouareau, Quebec, 24 (29)
- Winona Camp, Maine, 24 (50)
- Camp Wanapitei, Ontario, 21 (80)
- YMCA Camp Tapawingo, Ontario, 19 (42)
- YMCA Camp Menogyn, Minnesota, 17 (60)
- Camp Mi-A-Kon-Da, Ontario, 16 (25)
- Northway-Wendigo, Ontario, 15 (23)

Total wood-canvas canoes in these camp fleets, 1168 This is a sizable list and perhaps there are other fleets not included.

It was interesting to note that a few of the camps use their canoes for white water tripping! They are: Keewaydin-Ontario, Darrow Wilderness, Wabun, Flying Moose, and Pathfinder. These camps must have extensive maintenance and repair facilities to keep up their fleets.

Also, it appears that these wooden canoe fleets are pretty well concentrated in only three states and two provinces. Perhaps further research will find some additional fleets around the country.

Steve Lapey, Norumbega Chapter WCHA, Georgetown, MA

This Magazine...

Spirit Predates Form

I smiled for a long time at your reply to Paul Gorman's mention that you misspelled "Sales & Rigging for Sale" in the classified section. You said: "Sales & Rigging is a long running typo," which is another way of saying that *Messing About in Boats* is about that spirit which predates form, especially Proper Form. And furthermore, we are happy, even proud, of this.

Thank you, Paul, for provoking such an economical statement.

Louis Mackall, Guilford, CT

In Memoriam...

Platt Monfort

Platt Monfort, 84, died Thursday, June 8, 2005, at Winship Green Nursing Center in Bath, Maine. He was born in Huntington, New York, son of Platt Monfort and Helen Monfort, predeceased by two sisters, Lillian Brush and Edith Koernig.

Graduated high school and Pratt Institute, New York City, New York. Served in the Navy as an air cadet, received ensign rating culminating in his pilot's license.

Married Betty Law in 1946. Lived in Huntington, New York, 25 years and moved to Maine in 1970. For 15 years he was a chemical engineer at Fairchild Guided Missiles in Bethpage, New York. He then started his own business, Aladdin Products, Inc. Patented "Git-Rot" (a rot restoring epoxy) for the marine field. Developed Wire Plank and Feralite to cover wooden hulls, built a 45' Ketch to prove the system.

Built a Kolb Utralite airplane and flew that, then bought a Cessna 150 from payment for a book, *Styro-flyers*, that Random House printed, about using MacDonald's breakfast trays to make various paper airplanes.

Loved his motorcycles, had several different brands, Harley Davidson his favorite!

Latest innovation was Geodesic Airolite boats, fabric covered lightweight boats, offering plans and partial kits for canoes and Whitehalls on our website gaboats.com.

Survived by wife, Bette Monfort of Westport Island, Maine; a son, Gary Monfort, daughter, Susan Monfort, and two grandsons, Ryan Delano and Tim Monfort. At his request his body was donated to New England College of Osteopathic Medicine. No funeral or memorial services.

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When Robb White heard I was off on a river cruise from Amsterdam to Vienna this June, he suggested I read two books on river cruising by C.S. Forester, *The Voyage of the Annie Marble* and *The Annie Marble in Germany*. These are early Forester, 1929 and 1930. I didn't know they existed and you will not find them except in the most thorough bibliographies. Online, used copies are offered at \$150 to \$1000.

I requested both on Interlibrary Loan (ILL). I received *The Voyage of the Annie Marble* and finished it in two days. This copy came from Duke's library, the cover was falling off and the penciled notation on the first page records that it was purchased new for \$1.50. The young lady who handles ILL at our library told me *The Annie Marble in Germany* was on its way from a library in New Jersey.

Annie Marble was named after a character in one of Forester's early novels. She was a 15'x5'x4" draft punt powered by a 4hp Evinrude Fastwin outboard bought new for \$45 back in 1929 when the world was on the gold standard and a pound was worth \$5. There was a canvas cover supported on hoops that gave a little over 5' headroom throughout the boat. The sides rolled up in fair weather and enclosed the boat snugly in foul weather or for privacy. Forester makes a great point of the cushions and mattresses staying dry by being covered with a waterproof American fabric, probably the Fabrikoid® cellulose nitrate-coated fabric of the time. He estimated the whole rig, including their camping gear, cost about £100, with £45 in the cost of the motor.

Forester and his wife, Kathleen, journeyed to Rouen to go up the Seine but there was a three-week delay before the boat caught up with them and their hotel stay cost them the bigger part of the expense of the trip.

Most of the trip up the Seine was spent on the towlines of various barges. The outboard's performance was unpredictable as they learned how to cope with it. Above Paris they took canals through the countryside to the Loire. During that period they broke the propeller of the motor and Forester's sister brought a replacement to them from England and cruised most of the way down the Loire.

The Loire was too shallow for barge navigation and they mostly drifted down the swift-flowing river. This dull account cannot begin to approximate Forester's wonderful prose. Read the first chapter reprinted at the end of this review and you'll see what I mean. I encourage anyone looking for a good read to lay hands on a copy and enjoy.

They began the cruise with £60, spent more than half of that in the three-week hotel stay in Rouen waiting for the boat, and finished 11 weeks of cruising with some funds left.

The Annie Marble in Germany soon arrived and I promptly read it. The photos of the boat are better. She is sharp-stemmed. For this cruise they had switched from Evinrude to Elto which Kathleen, now pregnant, could crank. They started at Hamburg, fought the tides upriver on the Elbe, cruised through the Mecklenburg Lakes, and left from Stettin (Szczecin) now in Poland. Forester comments that they should have gone the other way round as there are no tides at Stettin.

The cruise began in April 1927 and lasted through July. They were hardy sailors,



Book Reviews

The Voyage Of the Annie Marble

By C.S. Forester

Reviewed by Dave Carnell

arriving while still not really spring, improvising a mosquito net when summer came, and battling the wakes of barge tows and fast passenger steamers. They encountered considerable major canal construction, so by now the waterways are much different.

Annie Marble is named for a character in *Payment Deferred*, an early Forester novel. It is a good read if you can find it. Our library had it.

The Voyage Of The Annie Marble Chapter I – Theoretical Considerations

The method of travelling which saves most bother is to carry your house about with you, and the easiest way to carry your house about is to go by water. Otherwise, if you are a rich man you can go and stay at hotels, but not the richest man in the world can conjure up a hotel should the desire to stop still overcome him in a place where there is no hotel. You can take a caravan, if you like, but that invariably means a nightly pleading and self-abasement for permission to camp. You can take a tent, but that means the same business, and in addition it involves a nightly unpacking and a matutinal re-packing which drives you frantic at about the fifth repetition. You can dispense with shelter altogether, if you like, but that eventually means more trouble-taking than any other method.

On a river, in a camping boat, there are none of these nuisances. You can carry with you far more apparatus for comfort even than is conveniently packed in a motor-car. You can stop where you like, with no man's permission to ask. If you feel you cannot face the sight of another human being you can anchor in midstream or moor to a desert island and snap your fingers at humanity. All round you, as you sit in your boat, is the finest ashtay in creation, where cigarette ends are wafted away more noiselessly than by the best of housemaids. There is washing-up water without stint, carrying washing-up water half a mile or so to a land camp is only comparable to carrying one's own cross to one's own crucifixion.

You can swim whensoever the whim takes you, and you emerge from the water immediately into a handy shelter where the cutting east wind which has been lurking in ambush awaiting this moment cannot reach

you. The boat cushions, mattress, and pillow cushions, which form the most comfortable of beds, are part and parcel of your equipment so that you never have to choose between the pain of sleeping on the cold, hard ground and the weariness of carrying beds with you. Alone among other methods of self-contained progress, it is possible in a camping boat to feed while actually on the move. Ants and snakes and wandering cows cannot disturb your rest, although I will willingly admit that crocodiles might.

In the nature of things, rivers take you where you want to go. Civilization grew up along rivers, and everything worth mentioning in history, from the building of the Pyramids to the Battle of the Marne, happened within reach of navigable, running water. There is no scenery as beautiful as river scenery, whether the beetling limestone cliffs of the Seine, or the fairy-like wooded reaches at Maidenhead and Marlow, or the simple, delicious meadowland to be found in any river valley. And a camping boat makes open to you aspects of river scenery which you can only otherwise observe at considerable inconvenience, the sweet, placid descent of evening, the pearly mists of dawn, the gray beauty of summer rain, all these are beautified a hundredfold on a river.

There are people who wrinkle intolerant noses at the thought of rivers and who insist there is no joy in the whole world save at sea. Of course they are wrong, although I will go so far as to say the sea is a possible second best, and beating to windward in a five-tonner has its points. The solitude of the sea is the solitude of another world, not of this world, and very well in its way, but that way is not a way which attracts me, and seaside harbours give me the horrors.

Each to his own, and rivers for me every time. All that stuff which I have just written about the convenience of river travel is just stuff, truthful, but insincere. If river travel were perpetually as arduous and as inconvenient as climbing the Matterhorn I expect I should still travel on rivers. The swirl and eddy at a deep corner, the sight of gray reaches of river in summer rain, the wooded hills that climb from one bank and the fat meadows which stretch from the other, the very writing about these things starts an ache of longing in one's breast. The river is the main attraction about river travel. Running water, the running water which broke down enchantments in the old days, the running water which masks the scent of the hunted quarry, the running water which cleanses and purifies and beautifies, there is nothing on earth half as fascinating as running water.

Louis XIV knew that, in his time 80,000 soldiers and uncounted labourers toiled to bring water to Versailles so that it could flow down marble steps and spout from innumerable fountains and fill the great lake below the terraces. But Louis' mind was perverted by kingship. His fountains and waterfalls are perversions, just as his trips from Versailles to Trianon, in his gilded frigate with its escort of galleys upon the mile-long lake, were ridiculous perversions of the true river camping idea. They were all Louis could think of to soothe the longing within him, although the Seine flows through Paris and a fortnight in a fishing punt would have given him more pleasure (had only his kingship permitted) than any pompous lake cruise, even with Montespan waiting for him at the end of it.

This craze for running water is one of the very commonest of passions. Possibly I am more subject to it than most, or possibly I have more opportunity for indulging it. Perhaps my blood drinking palaeolithic ancestors used to delight in paddling skin boats among the ichthyosauruses, but I have tugged at oars and pulled paddles and pushed punt poles on odd rivers all over the place. I have swum for my life when a particularly thoughtless manoeuvre has wrecked me in

the Thames, and having lost my shoes and being unable to replace them, it being a Good Friday, I have come home barefooted through the holiday crowds. I have blistered my hands and skinned other parts of me. I have suffered torments of pins and needles in a Rob Roy.

But I have never had enough of running water, and I quite expect never to have enough. Most powerful influence of all, I have a wife with the same craze rather more

developed, who has shared most of these experiences with even less surfeit. That in itself would take me on to running water, I expect, even if I hated it like death. Anyway, all these factors together supply a sufficient explanation of the moral urge towards anything quite as fantastic as open boat cruising through France, which is what I was trying to get at when I started this chapter; the other factors had, I fancy, be better reserved for the next.

The back cover promo for this book starts off as follows:

"Zebulon Northrop Tilton was a huge, cross-eyed schooner captain born in 1867 on Martha's Vineyard island. It's been said that he could have sailed his schooner, the *Alice S. Wentworth*, to Chicago in a heavy dew. His rigorous and celebrated life afloat, his countless shenanigans ashore, his love for women and for his *Alice*, his enormous skill, strength, and wit all form the image of an unmistakably real American folk hero. Zeb and his famous schooner experienced the heyday, and closing, of the great era of coastal schooner trading, an era that shaped Vineyard life. Zeb helped define that era."

Indeed. The cover photo of Zeb at the wheel offers a visage far from that of the stereotypical schooner captain of yesteryear. His cross eyes make him look like a refugee from the Three Stooges. Yet this lifelong "handicap" (unfixable for most of his life) didn't seem to get in his way, certainly not with women. The author often mentions Zeb's philandering despite three marriages. There was just something about the guy.

But the *Alice S. Wentworth*, acquired when Zeb was 54, was his one true love. He sailed her from 1921 to 1942 when he was about the last to still carry freight on a sailing schooner. At 75 he finally had his eyes operated on, but never went to sea again on the *Alice*. Friends bailed him out of debt and took over the *Alice* with him still to be skipper, but the business just wasn't there any more. His eyes were fixed at last, but his career and the trade he spent it on were over.

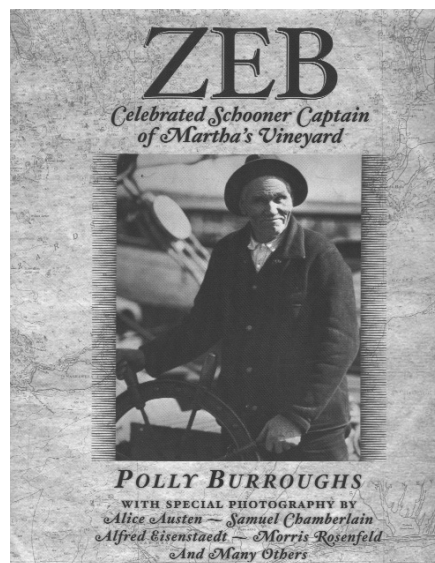
Because my great-great-grandfather owned shares in a fleet of coastal schooners in the 1840-1860 era, including skippering one of them, I was predisposed to read this book myself. I soon got caught up in Zeb's life, for the author places him firmly within the ambience of his times, with often lengthy asides about how life was on Martha's Vineyard, and surrounds her text with innumerable period photos. While Zeb was perhaps unusually outstanding amongst his peers, the life they all lived then continues to impress upon me how easy we have it today. When I hear a technoweenie of today complaining of how hard he or she works with those 60-hour weeks locked up in those cubicles, it is to laugh. Long hours maybe, but certainly not hard work.

Zeb's work ethic, driven by the economic realities of the times, was not wasted in futility. He got results for all his hard work and once he got his own schooners (he had several clunkers before *Alice*), he was off and running on a career that saw him become famous amongst the Martha's Vineyard summer people as well as the natives. Towards the end of his career he was well known amongst the summer set, if you can imagine

Zeb Celebrated Schooner Captain Of Martha's Vineyard

By Polly Burroughs
Large Format 9"x11" Trade Paper
160 pages, 200 b&w photos
4 b&w maps
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Reviewed by Bob Hicks



this huge, cross-eyed, rough hewn seafarer hobnobbing with the socialites.

Zeb was a skilled navigator from all his years along the New England coast. He just knew where he was at any and all times, without recourse to artificial aids other than a compass. I am strongly drawn to people who deal with their lives intuitively, relying on an intuition educated with experience and observation for their decision making without need for outside advice.

Author Burroughs gets off to a fast start leading off Chapter 1 as follows:

Zeb and The Alice

On a brisk August afternoon in the 1930s, the *Alice S. Wentworth* came shouldering into Vineyard Haven Harbor in a good working breeze. The old schooner's topmast was bent like a coach whip, straining to the pull of her gray, patched canvas. Her lee scuppers were smothered in a flurry of foam.

As she rounded the outer mark and headed up-harbor, the mate took in the top-sail and dropped the flying jib. Several hun-

dred yards off the pier he doused the jib, then the foresail. The captain timed the power of wind and water, pacing his sea-room and drift to the second, as he swung the two-mast around. She slipped up towards the steamboat wharf, her mainsail coming down on the run. The mate had the fast line ready and curled it over a spile as the *Wentworth* eased alongside and gently nudged the wharf.

He then jumped ashore to put out dock lines and returned to furl the sails. The skipper, Captain Zebulon Tilton, a huge, cross-eyed man, lean and leathered from his years at sea, untied the lines holding his cargo of lumber athwartship. He grabbed a bundle of pine boards, which would ordinarily have taken two men to handle, and swung them onto the steamboat wharf. Swiftly the lumber came off the deck. The mate then removed the forward hatch and jumped below to pass up the kegs of nails in her hold.

Scarred and blistered from her years at sea, the *Alice S. Wentworth* smelled of tar, hemp, and the smoke which curled out of her soot-stained stack from the iron cookstove below. She was nearly the same age as her skipper, at least as craggy in appearance, and surely as seaworthy.

The last of the kegs were coming out of the hold when a youthful itinerant preacher, thin as a shotten herring, approached and hailed the schooner.

"What can I do for you?" Zeb asked as he straightened out, leaned against the rigging, and wrapped his left hand around his chin.

"I'm asking for only 50 cents," mumbled the preacher.

"And why should I give you 50 cents?" inquired Zeb. His crossed eyes centered a little more than usual, an indication he was "thinking deep."

"It's for the Lord," answered the preacher.

"Young feller, how old be you?"

"Thirty," was the solemn reply.

"Well, mister, I'm over 60. You better give me the 50 cents for the Lord. I'll be seeing him first."

It only gets better as author Burroughs takes us through an era on Martha's Vineyard chronicling the life of this outsized figure from a once bustling trade now gone for over a half century.

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Sails up and luffing, a fleet of traditional small sailboats awaiting some sailors. A feature of this workshop is the using of most boats by those participants interested in trying them out who can demonstrate basic skills necessary.

The John Gardner Small Craft Workshop

By Bob Hicks

Something different was scheduled for this year's John Gardner Small Craft Workshop at Mystic Seaport in Mystic, Connecticut. In search for some new stimulus for this long running (since 1971) gathering of traditional small boat owners, organizer Peter Vermilya, the Seaport's Small Craft Curator, hit on the subject of camper cruisers

as possibly being an appealing aspect of enjoying traditional small boats that had not heretofore been a featured part of the program. Advance publicity promised a camper cruiser as part of the formalized schedule of activities, Andrew Kitchen's beautifully built Iain Oughtred 18' JII cat yawl, *Nina S. Benjamin*, which Andrew built in 2004.

Tim Weaver and his grandson pulling into the boat basin at Lighthouse Point in the 27-year-old (since rebuilding) New Haven sharpie *Patina*.



By meet time there were three more. Joining Andrew's cat yawl were Kevin Rathbone's 17' Pete Culler designed wherry *Seagull*, which Kevin built in 1976 and which he says is still an ongoing project after almost 30 appearances at the Small Craft Workshop; John Silverio's Joel White designed 18' traditional Maine sailing peapod *Rafiki*, built for him in 1997 by Eric Dow; and Tim Weaver's 16' sharpie *Patina*, saved from the dump and rebuilt by him in 1978 and showing its age. A small contingent of perhaps two dozen participants gathered after Saturday lunch at the Junior Sailing Program docks to hear from these four and look over their boats in perhaps greater detail with some guidance.

A poignant moment occurred when Tim Weaver, first to tell his story, reminisced about his earlier years in *Patina* sharing adventures with his son growing up, and then had to pause as he momentarily plumbed the depths of his despair over this son's recent untimely death at 34 from a massive heart attack. Tim allowed as how his heart went out of sailing *Patina* then, but since then he has regained his love for his boat and the outings in it he now shares with his nine-year-old grandson.

Tim wrote eloquently about his experiences with *Patina* in very early 1984 issues of this magazine (interested readers wishing to read Tim's series send an SASE and we'll send on photocopies), and despite her rather shabby, lived-in/used-well appearance, the plain old flat bottom sharpie is obviously family to this eloquent Irishman.

Andrew Kitchen's just completed (2004) gorgeous *Nina S. Benjamin* (there is no better adjective to describe his workmanship) represented something of an opposite extreme. Her frameless construction utilizing glued laps and floors is not traditional, but her design is. The detail finish work is superb, the bifurcated tiller built to get around the mizzen mast a particularly outstanding example.

John Silverio's Joel White designed, Eric Dow built traditional Maine sailing peapod *Rafiki* has been in use for eight years now and John has perfected his equipte to make his camper cruising rewardingly simple. The boat has been immaculately maintained and hardly looks its age.

Kevin Rathbone's Pete Culler wherry *Seagull* harks back to the early Culler dominated days of the Small Craft Workshop when Pete's acolytes, George Kelley and Dr. John Roche, assiduously perpetuated the Culler mystique. The swoopy lines of Culler's designs realized something of a culmination in Kevin's interpretation. Resembling nothing so much as a graceful bird upon the water, *Seagull*, underway with Kevin comfortably ensconced in reclining position with hands-on sheet and tiller is the essence of what attracts us to traditional small boats. Kevin's long association (about 30 years now) with his own creation results in what appears to be effortless sailing whenever they get away together.

A fifth participant, albeit with no boat to show off, was Duncan Wright of Portland, Maine, who had some large scale drawings taped down on the dock to illustrate a 14' camper cruiser known as the Roamer Dinghy. Its background comes from Great Britain's Dinghy Cruising Association, avid sailors of open small boats used on extended voyages involving camping aboard and ashore enroute. Duncan handed out some DCA literature which may be of interest to some readers, you can contact him at 32 Melbourne St., Portland, ME 04101, (207) 871-0218, <trabwright@earthlink.net>.

Saturday was perfect for small boating, with an afternoon sea breeze for the sailors. The docks were lined with boats awaiting "sea trials," but the beach seemed a bit emptier than a year ago. A check into the number revealed the boats registered at 50, about ten down from last year. But, according to Peter Vermilya, total participation was up. It appears that there was an increase in the number of participants who did not bring boats, perhaps in anticipation of the looking over and trying out the boats of those who did bring them.

Sunday's visit to the Seaport's collection of 419 traditional small craft not normally open to public viewing was to feature a real prize, an original New York City Whitehall over 100 years old, viewed as the last remaining original of the once busy fleet of water taxis. We did not stay over for Sunday due to the sky high costs of accommodations around the Mystic area, so cannot bring you any details, but perhaps we will look into it before summer is past.

As I did last year, I again bring you the complete pre-entry list of 50 boats, courtesy of Peter Vermilya, as perusal of it should enlighten those interested as to what sort of small boats turn out for this gathering. Nine of them were owner designed and built, 27 were owner built, and 14 were designed and/or built by others.



Four camper cruiser advocates tell of their boats: Clockwise from top left are Tim Weaver, Andrew Kitchen, Kevin Rathbone, and John Silverio.



Sharon Brown's Boathouse fleet is available at no charge to participants, courtesy of the TSCA. That's Sharon (second from right) overseeing departure one of her fleet..

Nellie, a fixture at dockside of the Seaport's Thomas Oyster Company, quietly looks on as the small craft gather.





Ken Benson was back this year with his latest version of a kayak for kids, a note on the foredeck warns of 100lb weight limit for would be paddlers. The paddler below would seem to meet the load limit handily judging from the freeboard still exposed. You can reach Ken at (203) 262-6728 (Southbury, CT).



Unique cockpit shape appears to provide four flotation chambers on this sailing dinghy. We were unable to identify who owned the boat.

Elegant tiller that "gets around" the mizzen mast on Andrew Kitchen's Iain Oughtred yawl.



The Boats at the Small Craft Workshop

Owner Designed & Built

- 8' Kayak, ply, for kids. Built 2005. Owner Ken Benson, Southbury, CT.
- 10'6" Canoe, fiberglass w/mahogany trim. Built 1996. Owner Andy Wolfe, Paoli, PA.
- 11' Kayak, ply (1 piece 4'x12'). Built 1990. Owner R.W. Sparks, Branford, CT.
- 12' Kayak, ply. Built 2003. Owner Ken Benson, Southbury, CT.
- 15' Flat Bottom Skiff. Built 2003-5. Owner Jack Webber, Ashburnham, MA.
- 15'1" Gaff Sloop, ply on wood frame. Built 2002. Owner Phillip Kendrick, S. Berwick, ME.
- 15'10" Pirogue, glued lapstrake. Built 2005. Owner Rodger C. Swanson, Windsor, CT.
- 16' Peapod, lapstrake copper riveted on oak. Built 1974. Owner John H. Sutphen, Mystic, CT.
- 16'6" "Chic" (MSM) Replica, strip built. Built 2002. Owner Myron Young, Laurel, NY.

Owner Built

- 5'2" Tub boat, braided bamboo hoops. Built 2001. Designer Koichi Fujii. Owner Douglas Brooks, Vergennes, VT.
- 7' Catboat, glued lapstrake. Built 2004. Designer Philip Bolger. Owner Karen Seo, Arlington, MA.
- 9'6" Nutshell Pram, mahogany ply/epoxy. Built 1996. Designer Joel White. Owner John Thew.
- 10'5" Fat Sailing Kayak, vee bottom multi chine, tack & tape. Built 2003. Designer T.F. Jones. Owner Andrew Anderson, Haworth, NJ.
- 10'5" Rob Roy Canoe. Built 2000. Designer J.H. Rushton. Owner Dan Sheehan, Kingston, MA.
- 11'2" Shellback Dinghy. Built 2001-2. Designer Joel White. Owner Frank W. Stauss, Jr., Sewell, NJ.
- 11'6" Herreshoff Columbia Dinghy, plank on frame. Built 1997-99. Designer Nat Herreshoff. Owner Stephen Connell, E. Derry, NH.
- 11'7" Herreshoff Columbia Dinghy, glued lap ply. Built 2005. Designer Nat Herreshoff/Joel White. Owner Nathan Rome, Winchester, MA.
- 12' Rob Roy Canoe, taped seam ply. Built 1991. Designer John. J. Smith. Owner Dean E. Matthews, Doylestown, PA.
- 12'2" Chamberlain Dory Skiff, 1/8" marine ply strakes on stringers w/kevlar reinforcing, laminated ribs. Built 1990. Designer William Chamberlain. Owner Phillip Kendrick, S. Berwick, ME.
- 12'2" San Francisco Pelican, marine ply. Built 2003-4. Designer William Short. Owner Chauncy Rucker, Mansfield Center, CT.
- 12'4" Asa Thompson Skiff. Built 2005. Designer Asa Thompson. Owner David J. Shannon, East Granby, CT.
- 14' Jellyfish Pirogue. Built 2001. Designer Mark Starr. Owner Rory Matthews, Doylestown, PA.
- 14' Kayak, strip built deck, ply hull. Built 2002-3. Designer Newfound Boatworks, Owner Geoff Meissner, Southington, CT.
- 15' Knockabout, fir ply on white oak. Built 2005. Designer Edmond Monk. Owner Edward Finkbeiner, Charlotte, VT.
- 15'6" Gloucester Light Dory. Built 2000. Designer Phil Bolger. Owner Norman Smith, Granby, CT.
- 16' Adirondack Guideboat, strip planked varnished red cedar. Built 1992. Designer Rushton. Owner William Maher, Granville, MA.

Kids' boats were again in evidence, this one coming ashore was propelled by side mounted paddle wheels.



- 16' Sharpie Skiff, simple sharpie construction. Built 1978. Designer traditional. Owner Tim Weaver, Rocky Hill, CT.
- 17' Kayak, cedar strip built. Built 2002. Designer Nick Schade. Owner Uri Herzberg, Bridgewater, NJ.
- 17' Swampscott Dory, traditional dory construction. Built 1979. Designer Fred Dion/John Gardner. Owner Howard Mittleman, Schenectady, NY.
- 17' Wherry, cedar lapstrake on oak. Built 1976. Designer R.D. Culler. Owner Kevin Rathbone, Larchmont, NY.
- 17'2" Double Ended Rowing Boat, glued spliced ply. Built 1981. Designer John Gardner after L.F. Herreshoff. Owner Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT.
- 18' Kayak, strip built. Built 2004-5. Designer Laughing Loon, Owner Geoff Meissner, Southington, CT.
- 18' Culler Ketch, mahogany ply, Egyptian cotton sails. Built 2001. Designer Pete Culler. Owner Victor Fasolino.
- 18'1" Yawl, frameless epoxy glued laps & floors. Built 2004. Designer Iain Oughtred. Owner Andrew Kitchen, Rochester, NY.
- 20' Kayak, cedar strip built. Built 2005. Designer Nick Schade. Owner Uri Herzberg, Bridgewater, NJ.

The Rest of the Fleet

- 8' Dinghy, fiberglass. Built 1997. Builder Holby Marine. Owner William Covert, Doylestown, PA.
- 8' Pram, bought in 1959 by owner's grandfather. Owner Mike Dunn, Higganum, CT.
- 10'5" Sailing Dory, cedar lapstrake on oak. Built 2004. Designer George Chaisson. Builder Robert Barker. Owner Will Barker, Easton, PA.
- 12' Skiff, ply & galv roofing nails. Built 1963. Designer & Builder Earle Brockway. Owner Merrill D. Dunn, Higganum, CT.
- 12'10" Sailing Peapod, fiberglass with mahogany trim. Built 1987. Designer traditional. Builder Peter Silvia. Owner Wayne Donelson, Ashburnham, MA.
- 13' Peapod, glued lap ply. Built 2000. Designer Doug Hylan. Builder Ken Clark. Owner Bill Rutherford, Metuchen, NJ.
- 13'6" Melonseed, glued ply lapstrake. Built 1996. Designer & Builder Thomas F. Jones. Owner John Guidrera, Vineland, NJ.
- 15' Bolger Gypsy. Built 2002. Designer Philip Bolger. Owner Mike Wick, Moorestown, NJ.
- 15' Delaware Ducker, glued lapstrake ply. Built 1995. Designer traditional. Builder Workshop on the Water. Owner Pete Peters, Washington Crossing PA.
- 15'6" Decked Sailing Canoe, lapstrake ply. Built 1988. Designer Iain Oughtred. Builder Tony Dias. Owner Mike Wick, Moorestown, NJ.
- 16' Stonington pulling boat, molded kevlar, aluminum outriggers, Piantedosi monorail row wing. Designer Rob Pittaway, Builder Golden Era Boats, Owner Warren Sherburne, Newport, RI.
- 18' Maine sailing peapod ply lapstrake. Built 1997. Designer Joel White. Builder Eric Dow. Owner John Silverio, Lincolnville, ME.
- 23' LALA Class Sloop, cold molded. Built 2005. Designer Joel White. Builder Brion Rieff. Owner Uri Herzberg, Bridgewater, NJ.
- 30' Sailboat Designed 1979. Owner John E. Symons, Mystic, CT.

A nice little double ender under oars.



Karen Seo's Queen Mab 7' catboat *Maltese Cat* is the product of four years under construction to Phil Bolger plans Karen commissioned. It has a purple paint job and comes complete with a purple pfd which Karen found on e-Bay.



Douglas Brooks of Vergennes, Vermont, built this Japanese tub boat as a part of the Peabody Essex Museum's (Salem, Massachusetts) 2001 major exhibition of oriental artifacts. Doug studied the design under Japan's last builder of the unique inshore fishing craft, Koichi Fujii while in Japan. The sculling oar is hooked through the tub "handle."



Howard Mittleman built this traditional Swampscott dory in 1979 as a display for his just opened shop, North River Boatworks, in Schenectady, New York. The non-traditional main replaced the correct leg-o-mutton main which gave Howard a scare early on, capsizing the boat in a gust and nearly drowning his young daughter.

This colorful boat was all decked out in pirate trim, but we couldn't track down who owned it (no number tag on it).



We cast off, Scout and I, in *Kuma*, an Ericson Cruising 31, heading south. We leave Kingston in a steady northerly breeze of 10kts or so. Bearing off on long broad reaches I wear down the Sound, first along the Bainbridge Island side and then over to West Point and into Elliot Bay with the dinghy towing happily behind. It's a beautiful day to peruse the Seattle waterfront close-up before reaching across the Sound again and into Blakely Harbor.

Scout, an eight-year-old Brittany, hates to sail, hates the engine even more, and has never adjusted to the idea of being jostled about, deprived of his daily routine of smelling plants and pointing squirrels. He is miserable at sea, won't eat when underway, and shivers and shakes most of the time. He gets too hot and I douse him with sea water. He gets too cold and I wrap a shawl over his PFD. He senses that there is something in the world more important than he is and he doesn't like it.



Scout.

I drop the hook in about 20', make a cup of coffee, and sit watching a mast and tall fir beyond to see if their relationship holds. Good. We're stuck in. A Herring Gull perches on the dinghy for a moment, looks around, and takes off to windward. Scout can't take his eye off the dinghy, his one true friend. We clamber aboard and make for the nearest shore. As soon as we nudge the gravel, Scout's away, happy at having bent me to his will.

I read a little, mess with the sticking cutlery drawer, and rig two fenders for the dinghy to lean up against at the lifeline gate. After the 6pm news I put Beth's casserole on the stove and have supper in the cockpit, watching my rafted neighbors watch the city light up in all its nocturnal finery. Scout and I make a last visit to the beach before I settle into a good book below. Scout, up in the cockpit, continues to watch the raft of happy revelers.

In the morning I start the engine and make ready to get underway. I like a rather light 22lb Bruce on an all chain rode and a manual windlass. All in all I find this the most secure arrangement and easier to work with than a combination line and chain. If Beth were with me she'd move the boat

Going Solo

By Richard Alan Smith



Roller furling, anchor sprit, manual windlass, and sturdy bow cleat, organized for clean decks.

ahead slowly toward the anchor while I hauled in. Alone, I haul in about 50' of chain by hand as the boat moves slowly forward. I haul and wait, haul and wait, and haul some more. Good exercise. In any breeze, a little pitching action over the anchor can lift a lot. I use the windlass to break out the anchor and crank in the rest (more good exercise) which drops directly down a deck fitting under the windlass.

With the Bruce made fast to the anchor sprit I go aft, take the wheel, and head for home. Approaching the rocks guarding the entrance I set the steering clutch, reduce rpm, head into the wind, and get the main up on the port tack. I roll out the jib, but instead of coming about at Restoration Point and sailing north close hauled, I bear off and decide to run through Rich Passage. I'll circumnavigate Bainbridge Island with the wind at my back like a gentleman.

The suddenness of the decision turns the cruise into an adventure. Spontaneity in cruising is a mistress to be courted and indulged, a reminder of free will, of independence from the well worn ruts of comfort, convenience, and routine. It takes a lot to be out of touch in a culture that insists on being in touch. Sailing without a cell phone is to leave the moorings just a little further behind. Scout, of course, would agree with none of this, he likes his comfort, convenience, and routine.

Out of the passage I make for the buoys at Illahee State Park. It's a bit exposed and subject to rolling caused by the wakes of ferries and larger powerboats, but with no one other than Scout to be concerned about, Illahee will do just fine. Normally I'd head upwind or current and place the starboard bow right over the buoy where Beth can put the boat hook through the ring and hold on tight. I'd then move to the bow and complete the job. Alone, I rig the painter from the bow

cleat through the starboard chock, under the anchor sprit, and outside all to the port side of the cockpit where I slip the end through the ring, walk it forward, and make it fast to the bow cleat.

When on your own it is well to pay attention to the little things that can spell trouble if overlooked that no one else will catch, the loose half hitch at the bow cleat, a snarl of jib sheets, the roller line that comes adrift, the dog who slips on ladder rungs when being pushed aboard. I force myself to move about scanning everything as if in slow motion, remembering *festina lente*, to make haste slowly and more deliberately than might be done in sailing with others when part of the fun is sharing responsibility.

Stepping aboard the tender is done thoughtfully, especially if it's a hard dinghy like mine which is not as forgiving as an inflatable. It's important to think well ahead and very carefully as you would on a crewed boat, but even more so. Concentration is the thing. The one-handed life with latte or cell phone is not the best way to go about single handing.

One of the joys of solo sailing is that you have the dinghy more or less to yourself. My light, round-bottomed 8' dinghy, fleet and lovely with just an oarsman, is a pig to row with a passenger, not as bad as an inflatable perhaps, but not much fun either. Alone, and even with a 40lb animal in the bow, the boat comes into her own and makes rowing a real pleasure.



Dinghy is strip planked with cedar. Lighter wood is Alaskan yellow cedar.

Scout leaps into the dinghy and moves forward. I step aboard at the centerline, sit, and put the oars in place. Casting off, we ride the current to the dock in what seems like just a few short strokes. I used to mount a 2hp outboard on the stern pulpit but took it off years ago, ditto the gas can, just never used them. Simplicity is the single handed sailor's friend and so is good exercise. After a stroll around the park and a chat with the fishermen at the dock, with whom Scout and his bright yellow PFD are a big hit, I have a somewhat brisker row back to the boat against wind and tide.

At night the wind drops to nothing and at the turn of the tide the dinghy trailing along astern nudges *Kuma*. I try making her fast to the starboard side against fenders but powerboat wakes make for a lot of slapping about. I wind up pulling her on deck through the lifelines, a little bother but it puts an end to the racket. More exercise.

In the morning I tack up Port Orchard to Manzanita Bay, just across the passage from the Torpedo Station at Keyport. Anchored again, we take to the dinghy and enjoy the

row over to the launch ramp, scrutinizing the many moored boats and the tidal flora and fauna along the beach.

At night I leave the dinghy on her towing cleat with a short painter, but this time I rig a plastic bucket to her transom on a short towline to make it harder to move up on *Kuma*. It works and I sleep well.

The next morning we row ashore through the thickest fog I can remember and Scout has a good sniff about before we head back. I build a small fire in the Dickinson that takes the damp out before preparing a leisurely breakfast built around scrambled eggs and toast. I make a large pot of coffee and read for a couple of hours, tending the stove, scratching Scout's ears, and checking on the fog from time to time. Wonderful stuff, fog, as long as you're not moving around in it trying not to hit anything. Wonderful to see it drift about shrouding familiar things, concealing and revealing in turn, making everything more interesting as with a good midwestern snowfall.

Around noon the fog begins to break up. There's a patch of bright blue, "enough to make a sailor a pair of trousers," Beth would say. I spot some birds flying out of the fog and watch them land in the water. I take out the binoculars and check the field guide. Tufted puffins they are, "yes," I say to Scout who takes a similar interest, "I'm sure they are." Since that moment I've been a bird watcher.

There are many accounts of lone sailors and the good boats they take across oceans: Joshua Slocum, Alec Rose, John Gusswell, and Kenichi Horie are among my favorites, all inspirational in their own right. There seems to be less written on single handed cruising close to home or in familiar waters although Maurice Griffiths comes quickly to mind.

My own experience and common sense tell me that almost any small boat can serve the single hander well without much alteration. A lot depends on one's age and general fitness, the weight of anchor tackle, sail area, reefing and furling arrangements, your overall experience, and whether you are able to take pleasure in your own company. Beth and I sail throughout the summer, two or three weeks at a time, from Olympia to the Gulf Islands. We pick the weather, rarely reefing and enjoy the times at anchor almost as much as the sailing. We take our time and enjoy it all.

For a variety of reasons, however, Beth and I cannot always sail together so the choice comes down to sailing together and not so much or sailing both together and alone. I take pleasure in both and Beth doesn't feel guilty about not being aboard when she can think of other things she has to, or would rather, do.

Sailing single handed can get you in touch with your boat in ways that are difficult to appreciate in the good company of others. A kind of strengthening bond occurs between skipper and boat that can make for a better and more confident sailor, one more likely to communicate the joys of sailing to companions at other times.

I leave the cockpit as little as possible when making sail, anchoring, getting underway, and coming into a mooring. Other trips forward are necessary to bring the dinghy aboard, fend off, clear a tangled halyard, and so forth. Halyards, topping lift, and reefing lines are not led aft to the cockpit on *Kuma*,



Clear decks with jacklines and cockpit organized for the single hander.

I like to keep the decks as clear as possible. Jack lines are located close to the centerline and I always clip on when moving about. I've had good luck with the roller furler but lost it to a gusty sail up Saratoga Passage one summer. Got another one right away. It compensates a lot for my increasingly less agile work on the foredeck.

Safety is paramount but it's usually safer to have someone else on board or even close by. My friend Gary has a Cruising 31 also and we like to cruise single handed in tandem. Gary is addicted to his cell phone and the autohelm that allows him to leave the cockpit almost whenever he feels like it. He goes to the head pretty much as he does at home while I alter my routine drastically. He likes to show me the little arrow that indicates *Imagine* and *Kuma* exactly where they are on his electronic monitor, while I use the old Small Craft paper charts which seem to get me where I want to go as they always have.

Sister ships cruising in tandem at Silverdale Marina.



Gary has a neat, rather small dodger which works well and he likes it a lot, especially in the rain. I got rid of mine after the first summer. I thought it cut visibility and caused too much windage both underway and at anchor. But when it rains and I'm at the wheel in my foulies and look over at Gary under his dodger, I think he's smarter than me. We can't convince each other that his high tech or my nuts and berries approach is better but our arguments, once fervent, are now academic. Different ships, different long splices.

Gary and I agree that we've got good boats. The Cruising 31 has a traditional if eclectic appearance with overtones of Friendship sloops. She's got tumblehome leading to a pretty wineglass transom and wide side decks that make going forward to the clipper bow easy. Her lovely sheer brings the cockpit close to the water which helps when picking up buoys, bringing up buckets of water, or going ashore.

The 31 has a large cockpit with everything important to the single hander within easy reach. The stern anchor and rode, Life Sling and horseshoe buoy, boarding ladder, binoculars, and the rest are close to hand. My



Cockpit with hinged acrylic chart board and bridge deck with nav box and buckets below.

lunch, along with assorted sweaters and jackets, hats, and the like are kept in a small hammock slung from the lifelines. A camera and thermos, candy bars, and notebook live in a bag slung around the binnacle. Gary, of course, disappears below and comes up with whole piping hot meals from the galley and complete changes of wardrobe.

Our boats have a fairly shallow draft, 4'11", and a sharply cutaway keel, very balanced and maneuverable (except in backing). I'm comforted by the sloping keel when gunkholing rocky shores and the 31 tracks very well, whether in a boisterous Rosario Strait or ghosting along in light airs.

Deciding to spend another night in Manzanita Bay, I take the dinghy out again, this time with binoculars just in case I see the puffins. After three nights I'm beginning to feel the real pleasures of independent cruising, of a gradual slowing down of unconsciously hurried routines and a change from the compromises inherent in life with the best of companions.

The unpredictability of life on the water, in all its aspects, causes not a little stress and insecurity but I find this strangely relaxing. I relax watching boats anchor, each procedure different than the other.

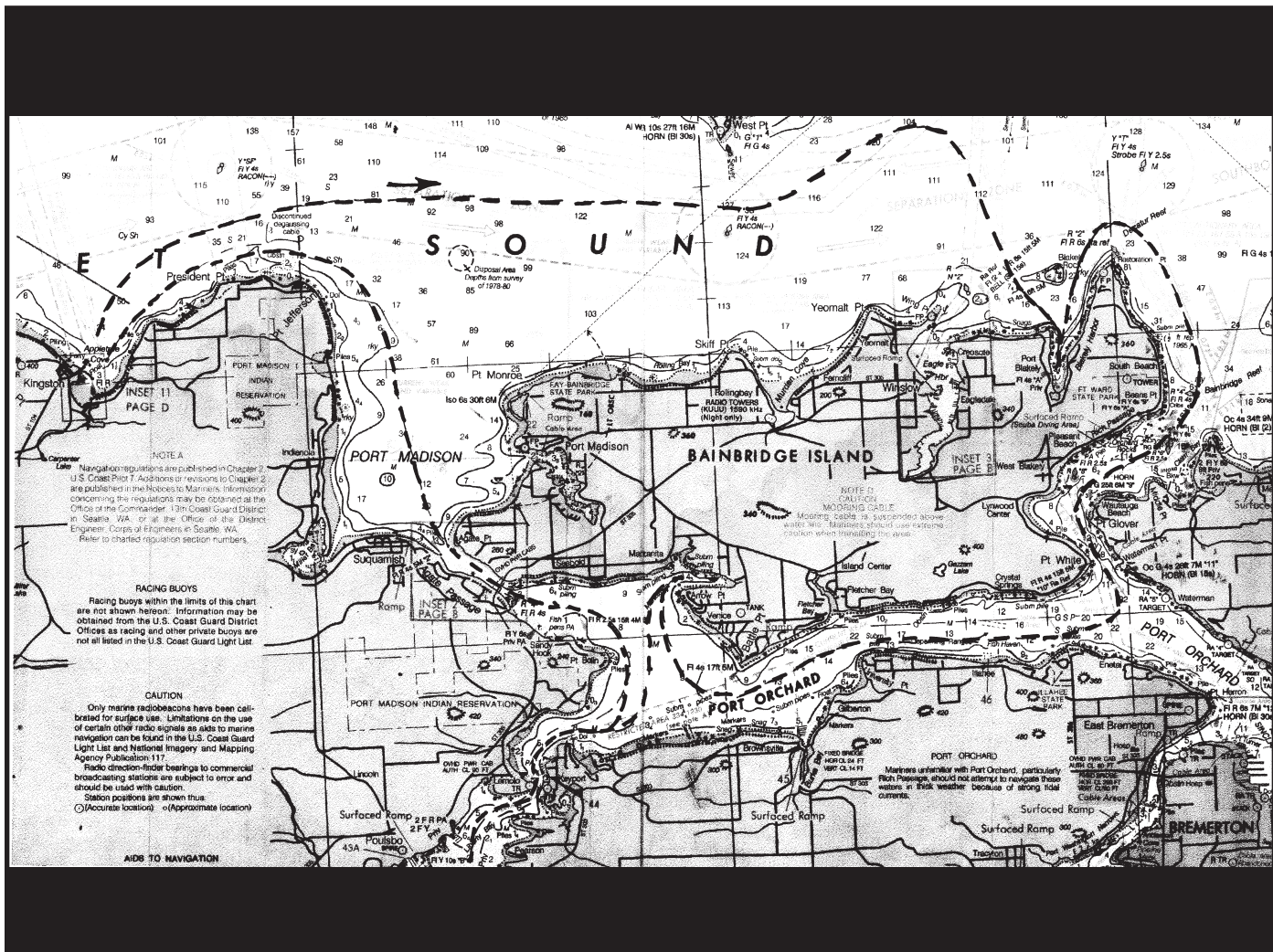
Alone, I look more carefully at moorings, the various kinds of boom tents, types of dinghies, and how they're used. I watch people on the beach playing horseshoes, tending gardens, picnicking, and messing

about with all manner of boats, and all in this magnificent setting.

Having learned the names of some birds, I find I'm surrounded by what I now know are grebes and I can distinguish them from common loons. There are buffleheads and cormorants that perch on pilings facing the wind, I've seen them fly underwater.

It's in the difference between life ashore and afloat that the true joys of cruising are felt most strongly. When I tell them that, most friends tell me they wish they had the time, and I remind them that everyone has the same amount of time. But some just think I'm nuts.

The next day, as the fog lifts, I motor past Keyport and into Liberty Bay. I anchor off the Poulsbo Marina, dinghy to shore, and call Beth from a pay phone. She arrives with a picnic lunch the next day. We sit in the sunny cockpit at the visitors' dock and tell each other about our times apart. It's surprising how much goes on afloat and ashore when you're not there. We say goodbye and I leave with the ebb through Agate Pass in the morning. Back in Indianola, Beth finishes up a project or two and I shower and check the e-mail. Scout, after checking every bush, snoozes happily spread out on his own pillow, breathing in land smells and dreaming of a waterless world. We have a good meal and watch an old Fred Astaire video. From time to time I wonder if that really was a tufted puffin in Manzanita Bay.





VIC32 at Inverness after a cruise across Scotland

Clyde Puffers

By David Rutherford

I read with interest the article by Dynamite Payson in the February 1 issue about *Sophia*, the North Carolina steam lighter. *Sophia* is similar in many ways to the stream coasters once common on the west coast of Scotland. These vessels were known as Clyde Puffers. Eventually they were fitted with condensers and the puffing was silenced, but the name stuck.

During WWII 54 Puffer type lighters were built by the British government for war service. By the 1960s only two or three of these vessels survived. One, VIC32 (the wartime designation which stood for "Victualling Inshore Craft") was found in derelict condition by Nick and Rachael Walker of Argyll, Scotland. The Walkers restored VIC32 to operating condition as a passenger-carrying cruise vessel. VIC32 is powered by a compound steam engine developing 130hp turning a four-bladed 56" diameter propeller. This year VIC32 is being fitted with a new boiler replacing the original.

Cruises are amongst Scotland's western islands and across Scotland via the Caledonian Canal and Loch Ness. I have had the pleasure of going on several of these cruises. On one cruise through Loch Ness I saw firsthand how versatile these little ships can be.

Several engineering schools were engaged in a cooperative effort to raise from the depths the wreckage of a WWII Lancaster bomber which had crashed on a training flight. The specially built lift frame designed to retrieve the bomber had to be modified. VIC32 saved the day by using its steam winch and derrick to hoist the frame onto a barge where it was modified. The bomber was finally raised and is now restored and on display in England.

During their working years the Puffers were, like *Sophia*, capable of performing



The boiler firebox at work making steam.

many tasks: dredging, carrying coal, and stone, and even deckloads of sheep to the western islands of Scotland.

Engineer at work.



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What reminded me of that fuel filter story I wrote a while ago was that Jane and I were hived up down at the coast house with a cold norther blowing right down from the frozen wheat fields of Saskatchewan waiting for it to lie down enough to go fishing when Jane said, "I sure am glad we aren't anchored down there on the Cay Sal Bank in a whale-boat with stopped up fuel filters right now."

We had come over in the Rescue Minor the day before in rough conditions. Does that mean our little Kubota had cut off on us in the middle of the Intracoastal Waterway the way that man's Perkins had in the middle of the Florida Straits? Hell no, dammit. Not only do I have two good filters and a big sediment bowl in my fuel line, I can see the bottom of the two-and-a-half gallon outboard motor tank I use. And if I see anything nasty in there I can take the whole tank out and rinse it with hot water and turn it upside down and let it dry. I remember when I was an impressionable little boy we had a great big cable blade D18 Caterpillar crawler my father had bought as a whim when he was in the money and looking for a tax evasion. It had a gas cap as big around as the hub cap on a '49 Ford and, embossed in the steel of that cap in big letters was the admonishment, "BUY CLEAN FUEL... KEEP IT CLEAN." There was no "PLEASE" and no ambiguity to that statement and no nonsense about "DON SAFETY GLASSES BEFORE LOOKING DOWN IN THIS HOLE." At noon when the sun was right I used to go out there, take the cap off, and look down through the big hole at the bottom of the tank to see if there was any trash or water in there, and there never was even though the old thing had been sitting in the same location for so long that sweetgum bushes had grown up through the cracks in the tracks and generations of wrens had raised babies in the nooks of the engine.

You would expect a wren nest on top of the generator (a favorite place on most idle farm machinery) but that old Cat did not have a generator. As a matter of fact, it did not have a single electrical wire to tempt the cursed pack rats (which down here will disable a brand new car beyond the capability of factory trained technicians in one night). I was always impressed by the wirelessness of the great machine. Here this giant of industry (and, according to my father, the machine that actually beat the Japanese in WWII) stood down in the woods sitting on ready. In theory, all it would have taken to put it to work would have been a little clean gas in the tiny tank of the magneto-fired pony motor, somebody with sense enough to crank it and transfer its feeble torque to the gigantic fly-wheel of the big Diesel, and a trained operator to make it do its terrible thing.

Which... my father went off to California to write for the movies without making any plans for the future of the old crawler, but that doesn't mean that plans had not been made. As soon as the dust of his departure had settled in the driveway, I was heading down through the woods with a gallon of gas in a little tin kerosene can and, before the Pan Am Super Constellation had cleaved the skies above Tallahassee, I had the pony motor percolating. I clawed the sticks and spiders out of the seat, placed my narrow rump on the almost virgin oilcloth, and pulled the lever that let little puny seek out the main man and, lo and behold, y'all, white smoke went clear to the tops of the pine trees

Norther

By Robb White

and the old thing, blade already in the ground, lumbered forward. I had forgotten all about clutches and throttles and all, and by the time I remembered, the roots of the sweetgum bushes were slapping me in the back of the head and I had leveled off a good bit of new ground. That was a long time ago and I don't remember what else happened, but I do remember that that was the beginning of my infatuation with Diesel powered equipment.

So it was not an engine problem with the little Kubota in the Rescue Minor that was the trouble with our norther sojourn this time. It was this peculiarity of season that has come to this place. Here is a real norther (39 degrees this morning) in the last of April. We didn't have a frost until February. December was hot as hell and January was the first hint of fall. It's crazy.

Even though grounded by the norther, we were not without something of interest to do. For one thing, we walked in the peculiar woods of the middle part of the island which look exactly like they must have looked to long gone trainees of WWII who practiced beach invasions over here and whose fox-holes can still be found in the old dunes in the middle of the island. I once found a complete clip of 30.06 blanks that somebody lost trying to shove it down in his Garand without getting his thumb bit.

Even from the house there is always something to watch out the seaside doors. In addition to birds working the lee of the island there are sometimes interesting doings on the road. On our part of the island the stupid road turns into deep sand where, if the stupid road wasn't there, sea oats would grow and there would be a dune where they caught the sand washed up by the surf when it dried and got blown inland by the onshore breeze. For some reason or other these corporate movers and shakers (and doctors, lawyers and engineers and politicians, lobbyists, upper level bureaucrats, and other conventionally educated people) think the fun of the island comes from driving around on the road all the time drinking wine (women) and beer (men). They ain't got sense enough to watch the road to see what the tires are fixing to get into.

It is sort of like how a pothole in the asphalt grows from first one and then another ninny or nincompoop stupidly running over it time and again even though it is real easy to dodge. After a while, all those tires splashing the water and a little mud from where the hole has eaten all the way through the asphalt make it into a hole big enough to actually get their attention. It is the same way here. Here will come a crew of frolicking fools sucking on their cans and sipping on their glasses and the car will stop but they'll just sit there looking ahead and scintillating the contents of their dim wits and fail to notice that the rear tires are not doing anything to create forward motion anymore and all effort is being expended into digging downward. When they finally realize that they can no longer see down the road because the hood is sticking up in the way, they'll shut the car off and get out and try to find out what is wrong.

I hate to admit this but I have several videos to illustrate this fact and have documented the education level of the participants and it proves the point I have been trying to make. Too much formal education is bad for the intelligence. Who taught Einstein to be so smart? Einstein did. See. There is a half-witted boy over here who lives with his old uncle and has never gone to school at all. They are more on a servant level of existence to these other people and serve purposes like jumping off cars and pushing the reset button on well pumps and turning on valves and lighting pilot lights and things like that when people can't get their necessities to working. They have steady work.

One time a team of educated geniuses (one, a doctor of education) stuck an enormous SUV down to where the ass end of it was sitting on the gas tank. They dug with a dog Frisbee until there was a foot of naked air under both rear tires and the thing still wouldn't go. I have a video of one of them sitting in the driver's seat gunning the motor while three other ones (one, a woman whose tight, white cocktail skirt was too short to cover her tail when in the car pushing position) pushed on the stern. Despite the fact that the tires were unable to throw any sand anymore, a dense cloud of white smoke suddenly billowed out from under the car. I couldn't figure it out until it drifted my way and I smelled burnt paint. Though I don't go down to the road to become involved in things like that I surmised that the only thing that could have been rubbing on anything bad enough to get hot enough to burn paint was the drive shaft imbedded in the sand.

So, finally after standing around in the deep sand in deep discussion for a long time, cellular phones were brought to bear and here came the halfwit boy in his uncle's Volkswagen Bug. I could tell that these people thought the hired help they had summoned was not up to the job but they were wrong again. The kid parked the VW and walked around to the front of the gigantic SUV and fiddled around with both front wheels and then got inside and slowly eased it out of the hole without spinning anything at all. All he had done was to engage the free wheeling hubs so four wheel drive actually got to all four wheels. I think I saw a check for \$100 change hands.

I'll touch lightly once more on the internet since I am on the subject of how knowledge kills off good sense, and then I'll get back onto the subject of boats and the tireless sea. I am going to quit my brief flirtation with the internet. From now on anything I quote or any fact or figure I cite will just be an approximation. Scientific names will probably be out of date from now on because taxonomists are always farting around with them.

What happens with the internet is like what happens when you go to look up a word in the unabridged dictionary. You find out a bunch of other words and, if you are addled like me, you forget what you were looking for and have to go back to the text and it takes a long time. Fortunately I am a regular ace speller so I don't get slowed down too much by that but the abstractions of the internet are interminable. I accidentally found out the other day that 98.867% of my DNA is identical to that of a fruit fly. I didn't want to know that but maybe it explains why I am attracted to the results of the fermentation of certain grains and fruits.

Anyway, I guess the internet is good for young, ignorant people with a lot of room in their empty heads, but it is not good for old people like me. When I learn something new, some old information has to be forgotten so there'll be room. Why just the other day I stupidly memorized the idiot "password" for some internet function and now I can't remember my old Navy service number. See what I am trying to tell you?

Your grandchildren would much rather know how the new clipped wing B26 acted when it fell into Tampa Bay off the end of the runway at McDill Field than any marvelous trivia about any kind of fly. Which, the old wits of WWII are dropping like flies in my family. I believe that WWII was the greatest gathering of intelligent people ever selected from the random population. The music of the time is a good indication. I'm not talking about such insipid maundering as "Bluebirds Over The White Cliffs of Dover," I mean "Dancing with the Dolly with the Hole in Her Stocking." The old vets in my family are who taught me the difference between what was funny and what wasn't and they are all going to be gone in a little while.

I just lost the B26 pilot who flew 70 missions over Germany (mostly in the old-style long-winged planes). One time I asked him if he was one of the ones who leveled Dresden. "Hell, boy, I don't know what all was down there," he replied. "I was just thinking about what was coming up and trying to keep my rectum closed as tight as possible."

You know, Norm Benedict ("Notes from Norm" in bygone issues) told me about one time he was flying the hump (the Himalayas) on the India/Burma/China run in a C47 (DC3) when one of the drums of gasoline in the back sprung a leak and he and the crew had to throw it out. It took three letters to find out the story. In the excitement of the moment and the dark of the cargo bay of the plane they couldn't figure out which of the 50 some odd drums was leaking so they threw them all out. He said the gas smell was so bad that one or two of them went to puking and they almost threw them out, too. Wonder what some eco-tourist is going to think when he or she comes across a string of drums of perfectly good WWII aviation gasoline embedded in the everlasting snow of the highest mountains of the world. Old Norm is dead.

My uncle, who walked all the way from Sicily to Germany, is dead. My father, who was the oldest ensign in the Pacific Theater, is dead. My other uncle, who was a navigator for Doolittle, is dead. My uncle who was in the quartermaster corps and never left the states is on his last legs, and my uncle who was so young that he barely made it into the war at all... just in time for D day. Ha, fooled you, he is doing fine. Anyway, y'all old jokers need to stop all that internet fooling around and tell your grandchildren what it was like in the olden days so it won't get left in the hands of witless "educators."

You know, a norther ain't half bad no matter what time of year it comes. For one thing the seaside is sort of in the lee and you can fish. A spinning rod is a revelation. It is possible in one of the treeless sections of the island to throw a naked minnow with no sinker at all half a mile out with the wind behind him. The only trouble is that the ecology of fishes here is so boogered up from all the years of overfishing with gill nets that

until the summer fish show up there isn't much to catch except for bluefish and Spanish mackerel, which ain't gourmet fare in my hoity toity opinion. Sometimes you can catch a red or a flounder and every now and then a migrating cobio (ling, cobia) will deign to grab a little something and get hooked and take all the line off your reel but, except for sheepheads (which are scarce on the seaside when the water is cold), ain't much good fish until the temperature gets up to better than 72 degrees.

There are sometimes big schools of black drum which have taken over the niche that used to be occupied by spring pompano, but I don't think they are real good even when they are small, and big ones are rank tasting. Our seaside neighbors with the boat named *Coastal Cracker* must like them because they had an icebox full of black drums, some of which had tails two hands wide sticking up out of the box.

Jane and I tried fishing in the surf for a while but we soon got tired of fooling with it and waded out and cranked the old Rescue Minor and moseyed up to the east in the fierce chop of the norther. It was one of those situations where the moon is about half full and waxing and the neap combined with the norther wouldn't let the water back in the bay so it was about low tide all day long (and night, too) but not low enough to find any clams. We splashed all the way to the harbor looking for fish but the water was too muddy and rough and we had to keep too far out to avoid all the sand bars sticking out in the flats, so we didn't see any.

I saw plenty of ospreys, though, and they are certainly an accurate harbinger of the arrival of the delicious mullet so I knew they had to be somewhere. They were not in the harbor, though, and that was the only place where there was enough of a lee to see, so we checked on the old Morgan and headed on back downwind.

The wind was sort of actually NNE which means it was blowing a little bit down the bay and not just square onto the island. Oddly enough the finger bars sticking out from the bayside beach onto the shallow flats point directly NNE so I decided to try drifting up into one of the shallow bays between them where I know mullet like to hang out in warmer times. I headed into the bay and shut the engine down and put Jane on the tiller and got up on the big foredeck with my net and we sailed directly down the half mile long bay toward the beach. The water was maybe 3' deep in there and sort of cloudy from the chop so I thought that, if they were in there, they might let us sail down close enough for me to maybe throw on them.

Boy, were they in there! If it had been just a little bit muddier or deeper I would have been able to load the boat but they could see us coming in time to split and swim out about 30mph alongside both sides of the boat just out of net range. Despite Jane's excellent innate sailing ability...

Which, you know education can't teach that. It has to be born in your bones. My mother had that ability but, much to his everlasting shame, my father did not. He thought about it too much and was either luffing something or sheeting in beyond the best drive and getting more heel than speed, where Momma could adjust the sheet while she was trying to light a cigarette and get it exactly right to the gust at hand without looking at anything but the match.

The Rescue Minor is very hard to sail, too. The Bimini top is pretty far aft and without the prop wash the rudder ain't much. I may have to put on a Bolger plate after all. All you have to do is fail to pay attention for a second and it'll get wrong enough so it can't be corrected back to sail dead downwind and will turn absolutely sideways and drift. I am here to tell you that it is a deadly implement when it is sailing downwind. With my big old heavy butt right in the bow with the net the transom just touches the water with its two cheeks and, with a little wind, the boat sails mighty fast... real fast in a 20kt norther.

Jane can hold it, too. When I throw the net she rounds up in the direction I threw and the boat turns sideways and almost stops. I don't think you could beat it if you designed a boat to do just that. I was going to set up a sailing rig on there so I could sail us out of a mechanical malfunction, but I believe we can just let the front of the Bimini top down on the seat and have a 6kt square rigger.

Of course, this time we didn't want any 6kts but it didn't make any real difference. The durn mullet were just too smart for us. I think living in a natural situation does that to animals or people, either one. Fortunately there is always "that 10% that," in the words of the wits of WWII, "don't get the word." Jane and I were able to see him, like a squirrel in the road ahead of the car, trying to make up his fool mind if he wanted to go to the right or to the left for just a millisecond too long and I had time enough to offer another alternative... up into the boat.

While I was taking him (actually her... big and fat) out of the net and picking out the grass, Jane sailed us on home and, like in the good old days, set both anchors under sail. Whoo... too bad there was nobody around to see that. Most people don't like cold, stiff blowing northers on this island.

**"Every man shall give as he is able,
according to the blessings of the
Lord" (Deut 16:16)**

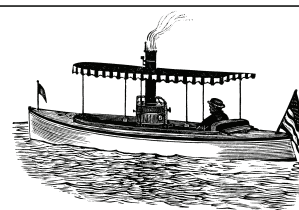
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L.S. Baldwin Box 884 Killingworth, CT 06419



Lock at the federal dam in Troy.

Everybody's got home waters. Mine is the Hudson River, the Albany, New York area, from the federal dam in Troy south to Coeymans. I've boated other parts of the river and other places, but these are my home waters.

My folks retired to Crystal River, Florida, in the mid '80s. A cousin, aunt, and families were already there. They are back to New York now but had a series of places near or on the water down there. They had a 14' pontoon and then a 14' Maxum with fiberglass 1" thick. Sailing those boats was fun, lots of fun, I loved it, but mentally it was still just vacation. But then one winter's day in 1992, sitting by myself in that Maxum near Shell Island at the mouth of the Crystal River, I came to a profound and joyous realization. I could have my own boat. I could put it on the Hudson. It's not Crystal River, but it's an arm of the ocean!

The tide runs close to 4' at the dam in Troy. The river is several hundred yards wide. A power plant juts from the west shore with water flowing from underneath, then a long curved dam and the lock on the east. I haven't seen a lot of locks, but it's big. In season it operates regularly with plenty of room to wait both above and below. I guess the lift is 15', maybe 20', you could look it up. Going through the lock in a small boat is a trip.

My own boat is a 1995 Starcraft 14LW that I got used at a mall boat show a few years ago, with a factory trailer, for \$1,500. No engine, they wanted \$2,900 with a 20hp Yamaha which I declined, but they left a good battery in it. It's now powered by a circa 1970 40hp Johnson that's steered with a tiller made from a carved 2x4 attached to that handle type thing on the front of the engine with a big door hinge, appropriately bent, bolted to the 2x4 and attached to the engine handle with clamps, bushed with strips of rubber. The throttle and gear cables on the original remote control have been shortened and the controls mounted a little aft of midships (got that right I think) on the right (starboard?) side gunnel (gunwale?) of the boat.

The skipper sits on a starboard side bench that runs from the rear thwart/seat to the center thwart/stowage box, facing a little forward of port, with the tiller in the left hand, right hand on the controls, or whatever. It planes real easy and seems to handle well for a lightweight skiff at slow speed in the waves and wakes, but what do I know, my experience in these matters is limited.

I took that engine off the first boat I got after that fateful trip to Florida, a 13' Arkansas Traveler since chainsawed and scuttled at the dump. Then came an ancient 14' no name aluminum skiff, since sold with trailer for \$350. I used it for years but it was narrow and leaked from a crack right in front of the transom, which I didn't help by letting the weight of that Johnson torque back and

Home Waters Troy Dam to Boeymans

By Fred Schreyer

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forth. But man that boat would fly. After reading Robb White, I'm semi-convinced it was a Grumman Sport Skiff because of the tumblehome (curve?) where the top of the sides at the back meet the transom (pardon my lack of knowledge of nautical terms, as you can see I own an aluminum boat).

Taking a small boat through that lock is a thrill and can be a danger. There are long pipes running up the side of the wall around which you are supposed to pass a line to hold yourself close to the wall as you rise or fall. And you are supposed to hold that line amidstships. I do anyway. So me and ship's cousin Spooloo are in there, secure to the pipe, and this great big cruiser enters the lock. As it gets near us on the opposite side one of its crew passes a line around a pipe almost directly opposite us and secures both ends tightly to a cleat at the bow.

There was a pretty good blow out of the south that day, usual in nice weather in summer, and no one on that yacht took account of that. The wind caught its big rear end and began to spin it on the pivot formed by the bow line. Spooloo and I look on, stupefied. I considered trying to start the engine and motor out of the way, but have you ever tried to start an old 40hp Johnson in an emergency? It's run like a champ for the last 12 years but it's not a git and go kind of thing. I figured we better save what time we had to decide whether to abandon ship.

As we watched in growing fear, the yacht with its crew in a state of total impotence, rotated on the bow line pivot a full 180 degrees, missing my putative Grumman Sport Boat, secure to the opposite wall, by no more than a foot. I could see the locktender outlined against the sky above, but there was nothing he could do. Once they were totally back asswards in the lock and finally secured the stern, the lockmaster closed the lock and raised us up. They had to back out of the lock (ha-ha!) and I heard some words exchanged between them and the tender, but we were just happy to be alive. Be careful in them locks. But it also shows how big that lock is, that big stupid yacht could rotate on its bow 180 degrees and still miss our 56" wide boat. I'll have to look it up some day and see how big it really is.

The area below the dam is a big basin, scoured to bedrock by the current. The main channel is on the east, feeding into the lock. There is a shallower channel on the west approaching the power plant, which is where

the good fishing is. The middle of the basin is shallow and an island at low tide, remember, it runs up to 4'. Currents are treacherous, especially in times of high water. This is the tidal Hudson after all. For someone unfamiliar with the waters I would suggest a trip in late July or August during a dry spell. The water clears out nicely, the current is manageable, and if you can ignore the shoreline urban blight, it's a wonderful place to spend an afternoon in the sun, fishing and swimming (not recommended by the health department).

Try to go over a full cycle of the tide. Low is best for anchoring just below the danger buoys. No diving, it's shallow. There is an informal gravel launch site on the Troy side off River Street for small boats and accessible by reasonable-sized trailer sailors for four wheel drive and certainly for car tops. Downstream about a mile, past the desert island, take either channel, there are docks at the City of Troy, public and private, and nearby restaurants and pubs. Troy contains many old architecturally distinct buildings within walking distance of the docks. Gas is available. Bait at Conroys in Watervliet.

For a trip to the dam, if you need a hard ramp from which to launch, downtown Albany is best, at the Corning Preserve off of I787. It's crowded in spring during the striper run and busy on holiday weekends, but otherwise pretty placid. Distance to the dam is six to seven miles. There is another launch almost directly across the river in Rensselaer, but at low tide the concrete ends before the water so four wheel drive can be a necessity, or get a smaller boat, or just wait for the tide to come back up.

The Corning Preserve, a park along the river in Albany, has a new pedestrian bridge crossing the blight of I787 to downtown, a fairly lively place. Concerts are held regularly at the amphitheater in the park in summer. The docks are usually vacant when I'm there, I don't know what the rules are during concerts but you could always anchor nearby. That's another thing I always say I am going to do, but don't, it would interfere with the fishing (or would it)?

There is a barge/bar/restaurant right there at the park, impressive railroad and highway bridges, serious seawalls protecting downtown from floods, a mothballed destroyer escort open for tours, duck themed amphibious tour vehicles run by former cops, regular visits by the *Halfmoon* replica, the Albany Yacht Club across the river in Rensselaer, and an endless parade of big boats making passage to and from Lakes Champlain, Ontario, and Erie, and the Finger Lakes and the St. Lawrence River.

A mile downstream is the Port of Albany. Oceangoing ships, barges, tugs, a mile of serious dockage. As reported by Hugh Ware in his "Beyond the Horizon" column,

this was the scene of the December 2003 capsizing of the 295' heavy lift cargo ship *Stellamare*, in which three Russian sailors died. Also located there is Scarano, Boatworks, builders of historic replica vessels, the mouth of the Normanskill, and the fishing grounds south to Coeymans.

Best of all, in spring striped, herring, and shad run all the way to the dam. The herring and shad can be caught on darts and the stripers on the herring and shad. One time, waiting for the water to rise while transiting the lock, I cast out a small spinner. A small-mouth took it, maybe 8", and as I got it near the boat I could see the stripers hitting at it.

So don't get hung up on the boat, it's all about the water, messing about in water.



Stellamare righted after its tipover in 2003.

Having canceled plans for a big adventure down to the Keys and Everglades due to unfinished refitting projects for the boat, I have been going out for a fair number of quick overnight sails. The general method is to get a couple of days ahead at work, keep the boat prepared for a fast getaway, and wait for a promising weather window. For me this is satisfying in itself. Not only does it keep one in touch with the sailing conditions, it provides pleasantly sustained anticipation as well as motivation to keep the boat in order.

My friend, Richard Ruddell, agreed to meet me for the first day at the St. Marks lighthouse (see chart). We got down there in the late morning and were soon rowing out of the canal, an unusually high tide making it easy to hug the lee side. Ran the bow up on a sandy place in a nook near the end, laced on the sail, and close-reached out into the buoyed river channel, the wind about 15 knots, SE and gusty. Threaded the shell bars that flank this corridor and headed out onto the flats where the chop was much less. Took turns helming upwind out to a wooden structure called the Q-Tower (locals call it the Bird Rack), which marks a pair of large sand reefs. Anchored for a sandwich and swam in the cold water. Thus refreshed, Rich steered her back and I dropped him off at the sandy nook.

Sailed southwest across Apalachee Bay to another sand reef in the vicinity of Live Oak Island, then made a single tack back to the Q-Tower area with plans to camp. The westernmost reef is a large circle nearly a mile in diameter, excellent anchoring for sharpies. With two hooks down in the bare patches amongst the sea grass near the center of that, it can go ahead and blow. Some parts of it dry out completely during strong low tides so I have marked with a GPS a spot that lowers just enough that I am lightly aground at a moderately low tide. Thus, the tide only has to come up an inch or so to float me. No bugs either. Ate a big dinner, toasted Neptune, and turned in under dim stars, hazy.

Up before daylight, woken by a crab-boat heading out, audible in the calm. Enjoyed the dawn hour as usual, stretching, watching birds, abusing the coffee bean, and otherwise relishing the contrasts to city life. The sun popped up briefly into a low lens of clear sky but soon retreated behind thin clouds, leaving excellent conditions for early morning sailing, cloudy bright with light winds. The clouds cut the glare (I planned on sailing east) and the light airs keep the heeling angle down, good for cooking breakfast while underway. Pulled half the Bahamian Moor, set the main, pulled the other half, ran

Short Trips

By Walt Donaldson

back to the helm and jibed, steered for about 30 seconds, tied off the tiller, made a lounge chair on the thwart out of boat cushions, and boiled up some gruel.

After that, read from a fine book, *A Tale of Two Cities*. The boat was sliding along at 5kts and pointed in the general direction of the Aucilla River, about eight miles away. Having never been there under sail, I decided to have a look. Fell into a doze but woke up when the wind shut off, having arrived at the correct longitude but about two miles offshore from the river. It was then calm for a few hours so I ghosted around the entrance, marking in the GPS both the offshore marker (a piling) and the center of the river mouth. At noon, yesterday's SE breeze started building, so I left. The mouth of the Aucilla is no place to sail around at top speed in tannin-dark water. I could feel alarming rocks with my depth-finder (an old paddle), even in the most benign-looking places.

The sail back was a broad reach so I had to steer. I set the jib, it sets on a balance club and will fly by-the-lee, wing and wing with the main, provided that its sheet is let out far enough (past perpendicular to the center line). It looks funny but works well like that. Heard a few rumbles of thunder as the lighthouse appeared in the haze, visibility was only about a mile. Pulled her out and rolled

for home about 4pm. Mother Nature rinsed everything real well on the way back.

GPS Waypoints

March 30-31, 2005

St. Mark's Lighthouse to Aucilla River and return

St. Marks Lighthouse N30 02.972', W084 16.885'

Q-Tower Anchorage N30 02.538' (extreme shallow draft only) W084 11.399'

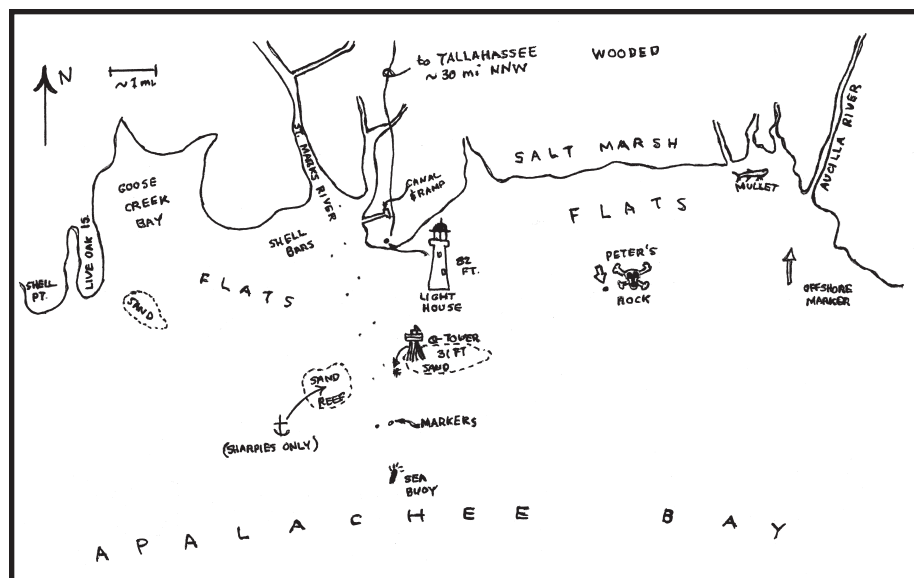
Aucilla River N30 04.673' (center of mouth) W084 00.109'

Aucilla River N30 04.089' (offshore piling marker) W084 00.211'

Feel free to contact me if you have questions about cruising in this area. 694-4A Industrial Drive, Tallahassee FL 32310.



Friend Rich at the helm.



International Scene

Now that mandatory phaseout of single-hulled tankers is in force, experts are wondering whether there will be enough tankers in the 2009-2010 period. And Hong Kong's recent ban on all single-hulled tankers, including those with double sides or double bottoms, caused disruptions in its marine fuels market as the necessity for using double-hulled tankers raised fuel prices. And near term, a worldwide shortage of marine lubricants may soon be keeping some ships in port.

Hard Knocks and Skinny Places

Most ships travel in routine fashion but, as usual, here's some outstanding exceptions:

The Morocco-flagged, Hong Kong-owned freighter *MSC Al Amine* went aground off Tunisia and spilled some of its bunkers.

The Antigua and Barbuda-flagged freighter *Sea Cloud* went aground on a coral reef off St. Croix in the U.S. Virgin Islands.

At Tema in Ghana, a pipeline that had been leaking for a week and a welder's torch combined to cause a fire on the Greek trawler *Polaris* that may have killed 17. The fire also affected the seawater supply for Ghana's only refinery and melted the conveyor belt used by an aluminum smelter.

The Panamanian container ship *MSC Roberta* collided with the Greek cargo ship *Aegean Wind* in the Dardanelles Straits and three seamen were crushed to death.

The chemical tanker *Georg Essberger* ran aground on its way to Uusikaupunki, Finland, but managed to get off by itself.

A 558-tonne oil tanker and a freighter collided near Ho Chi Minh City and some Diesel oil escaped.

The canal cruise ship *River Duchess* crashed into a restaurant in Amsterdam, injuring three people and leaving the premises a wreck and ready to collapse into the IJ River.

The Dutch fishing vessel *OD-1* caught what was probably a World War II bomb (not an uncommon catch) and it exploded, killing three and blasting others overboard.

In the Aegean Sea, the elderly car carrier *Aniara* had an engine room fire. Its crew abandoned ship after their firefighting efforts failed, but a salvage tug put out the fire and took the vessel in tow. If fire damage is severe, the vessel will probably be scrapped. The *Aniara* has spent recent years laid up and four years ago the owners considered transforming it into a floating university accommodation.

In Kenya, the tanker *Ratna Shahil* hit metal railings on a jetty, a tank was punctured, and 5,000 tonnes of crude oil spouted into Kilindini Harbour. The one harbor tug with a clean-up capability was broken down.

A graph showing 16 years of ship and mariner losses for a group of nations revealed a general downward trend for ships and a widely varying annual loss of life. Ship losses varied from a peak of 278 in 1993 to a minimum of 101 in 2004, while lives lost ranged from 1,552 in 1994 to 197 in 2003.

A recent report detailed how the chemical tanker *Alfilio Ievoli* cut inside of the Isle of Wight to save four hours on a voyage to Spain. The master set the course on the autopilot and then got busy on his mobile phone. Although he, the second officer, the chief engineer, and a cadet were on the bridge, only the second officer noted the ship

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

was off course but he couldn't get the master's attention. The ship went aground.

The Gray Fleets

The U.S. Navy has already punished several crew members of the nuclear attack submarine *USS San Francisco* and now it has awarded medals or letters of commendation to 20 crew members who helped bring the warship home after it crashed into a seamount at speed while submerged near Guam.

What looks like an arms race continues in the Far East. India started building a home-grown aircraft carrier. The 37,500-tonne warship is scheduled for delivery in early 2012 and it will join the ex-Russian carrier *Admiral Goshkov*. India and France were about to close a deal that would sell six Scorpene class submarines to the Indians. India and the U.S. are finalizing deals in which the U.S. would supply assistance for Indian submarines in trouble, sell India some Submarine Rescue Vehicles (SRV), and supply ten retrofitted Lockheed Martin P-3C Orion patrol aircraft.

China will build Pakistan four F 22-P class frigates as a demonstration of "technology transfer." Pakistan is also negotiating with the U.S. over acquisition of F-16 fighters and P-3C Orion patrol aircraft.

South Korea plans to spend 800 billion won (U.S. \$786 million) to build a military port on Jeju Island to better respond to regional conflicts.

A Japanese patrol vessel approached a Korean boat heading for the Toto Islands (Takeshima in Japan), a group of islets recently opened to tourists. Two Korean maritime police boats were accompanying the tourist vessel. Japan, which also claims the islands, had hotly protested the opening.

Norman Polmar, a highly respected naval expert, recently wrote that the U.S. Navy is in crisis. The top-level civilian leadership is not in place and the Service has fewer than 290 ships, too few to carry out the Navy's current missions. Shipbuilding is at the rate of four ships a year, too few to replace the fleet as it ages. Naval aviation is OK as far as numbers of planes go but has lost its compass. One reason for this crisis is that funds are going to the Army and Marine Corps for land fighting but, as Polmar points out, that should die down within the next few years and the Navy must then resume carrying its traditional role of representing U.S. interests in crises, limited conflicts, and counter-terrorism operations.

The Navy announced its 30-year plan, or rather plans. In one version the fleet would have 325 ships including 11 carriers. The other plan calls for 260 ships, including 10 carriers. Differences arise from uncertainties about emerging technologies, manning ideas, and forward-basing concepts. Analysts fear that neither option will be affordable.

An Italian expert on Soviet-era intelligence believes that a Soviet submarine left 20 nuclear torpedoes on the ocean floor as mines where the Seventh Fleet anchored in the Bay of Naples. Part of his supporting information is that a Soviet sub sank not long afterward and it carried only four of a possi-

ble 24 nuclear torpedoes, but he said that former Soviet officials had confirmed his case.

HMS Unicorn, built in 1824, a 46-gun frigate of the highly successful Leda-class, is at Dundee and has been there for the last 130 years. Now the second-oldest British warship still afloat needs financial support to offset deterioration. The ship receives no funding from the local authority or the national government.

The Russian aircraft carrier *Admiral Kuznetsov* ventured into the North Atlantic for exercises that included fly-offs of its aircraft and will be out again in September.

The White Fleets

Norwegian Cruise Line announced that its lovely *Norway* (ex-France) will escape scrapping for now. It will be towed to Malaysia where NCL's subsidiary Star Cruise Group will use the cruise ship in an undisclosed new venture. The *Norway* was crippled by a boiler explosion in May, 2002 that killed eight.

But being scrapped is the *Big Red Boat II*. Unused since 2000 when its owner went bankrupt, the 30,000-ton cruise ship will soon be towed eastward from Freeport in the Grand Bahamas. Indian scrappers paid about \$1 million for the 711' long vessel.

A group of several families threatened to sue the operators of the cruise ship *Voyager*, claiming the master shouldn't have taken the vessel into bad weather. The vessel had sailed from Tunis into Force 4-6 winds but a low-pressure system unexpectedly moved south, producing Force 9-10 conditions. The ship was hit by an especially large wave that broke wheelhouse windows, stopped most of its engines, and snapped several passengers' bones.

Philippine ship and ferry operators plan to sue that nation's weather-guessers for a faulty prediction that made the Coast Guard order vessels less than 1,000gt to stay in port. They figure they lost about \$1.1 million.

Japan has become a hot market for North American cruises, largely (and oddly enough) because of extensive TV coverage of the 2002 fire that extensively damaged the *Diamond Princess* while it was being built at Mitsubishi, plus the follow-up coverage of the successful deliveries of the *Diamond Princess* and *Sapphire Princess*. Cruises to Mexico and Alaska are selling briskly and three and four-day cruises in Hawaiian waters, available soon, will not hurt the numbers either.

The Restless Ones

Tropical Storm Roke caused two ferries to capsize in the Philippines, killing at least three and leaving eight missing.

A ferry capsized on the swollen Indus River in the Punjab province of Pakistan and about 30 died. In India, a state bus slipped off a ferry and 11 died, including women and children.

A cyclone caused a two-deck ferry to capsize near the Bangladesh capital of Dhaka, killing at least 81 of possibly 450-500 passengers.

Same country: A ferry collided with a docked ferry and 50 died.

Two overloaded ferries capsized while crossing a rain-swollen Congo River. They had been tied together and were sharing one motor. About 50 were missing.

The cable ferry between Dartmoor and Kingswear in Devon broke free of its guide

chains and went adrift in bad weather carrying with it 34 passengers and 15 cars. The people were rescued by another ferry and the local RNLI lifeboat. The cars came ashore after conditions improved and the ferry was back in place.

And not far away the far-bigger (16,776-tonne) ferry *Diplomat* lost both engines off Cornwall in high winds and nearly drifted onto rocks before power was restored.

Because of an industrial accident at Calais, a shortage of ferry berths cost the transport industry at least \$4 million (\$7.6 million) a week, claimed a spokesman. The shortage also meant that the schedules of many families returning from half-term holidays were disrupted and trucks were backed up in Calais for more than three miles. Yet the ferry companies soon got into a price war. SpeedFerries announced that a one-way trip will cost \$25 peak season between Dover and Boulogne and P&O matched that offer with \$30 between Calais and Dover. Other rivals soon offered similar fares. (The average fare a decade ago was \$360.)

Todd Pacific Shipyards will build four new ferries for the Washington State Ferries to replace vessels built in 1927. Since the shipyard is in Seattle, delivery voyages in 2008 and later will be short.

British Columbia union workers claimed that a \$35-million order for a ferry had been placed in Poland but an announcement would not be made until after the May election. Two BC companies had bid on the job.

And ferry service between Portland, Maine, and Nova Scotia will stop after 35 years of service. Mold in the Portland ferry building was a major reason given.

The National Park Service is asking for bids for the profitable ferry service to and from ex-prison site Alcatraz Island. Last year, the Blue and Gold Fleet cleared \$15.4 million on the franchise.

Nature

Erosion and "manmade meddlings" have scoured up to 19' in the bottom of the St. Clair River and permanently lowered water levels in both Lake Michigan and Lake Huron. Underwater weirs that were supposed to have been installed after were never installed but would have reduced water velocities and thus the scouring. Recent increases in water levels are masking the long-term damages.

HMAS Kanimbla and its two helicopters were engaged in relief operations on Nias Island after the second major earth-quake in that general area. One Sea King helicopter crashed, killing seven servicemen and two servicewomen. Two badly injured crewmen were dragged from the burning wreckage by a village schoolteacher.

A sophisticated sonar on *HMS Scott* showed the ocean floor effects of the December 9.0 earthquake off Sumatra when the Indian tectonic plate collided with and slid under the Burma plate. Ridges up to 5,000 feet tall were formed, as were scars more than six miles wide.

The U.S. Army missile range instrumentation ship *Gen. Hoyt S. Vandenberg* will be sunk as an artificial reef off Key West. The 520' ship, with its prominent multiple domes and swiveling antenna dishes, may be remembered for its part as a Soviet scientific research ship in the 1996 movie *Virus*. Ten

years of paperwork and several million dollars will culminate in a three minute sinking.

Legal Stuff

The master of the bulker *Selangdang Ayu* that went aground in the Aleutians and broke in half admitted that he lied to federal investigators as to when the engine was shut down. He apologized, saying, "I would definitely do it in a different manner now." He was sentenced to three years of probation, which he can serve at home.

The buck sometimes stops at the top. It did for the chairman and owner of Sabine Transportation, who will spend 33 months in jail. His problems started when he ordered 40 tons of oil contaminated grain to be dumped into the ocean from the tanker *Juneau*. The company has already paid \$2 million in fines and four others were found guilty.

Evergreen International SA (Evergreen), one of the many branches of Evergreen, a gigantic Taiwanese container shipping company, will pay \$25 million for committing and deliberately concealing oil pollution and numerous other felonies.

Metal-Bashing

In South Korea's Mokpo region, a South Korean businessman has started building a huge shipyard that may become that nation's fifth largest yard. It will initially build container carriers of modest capacities for shipping owners wanting early deliveries.

BP Oil Shipping took delivery of the tanker *Alaskan Explorer*, the second of four of "the most environmentally friendly oil tankers ever built." Other U.S. companies are acquiring similar tankers for taking Alaskan oil to West Coast refineries. Such expensive ships are only possible because of the protection provided by the Jones Act, which prohibits foreign ships from handling cargo (and passengers) along the U.S. coasts. And Seacor was rumored as ready to order at least four, maybe ten, product (refined petroleum) tankers from Bollinger Shipyard, a first for the yard, which usually builds tank barges.

In 2001, the old chemical tanker *Sandtien* was in Amsterdam when it became a pawn in a fight between green forces and the Dutch government. Some believed that the ship contained hazardous materials and was on its way to the beach at Alang, facts denied by the ship's owners. In any case, the ship was detained "in the spirit of the Basel convention," an anti-pollution agreement that many believe was badly stretched to cover the marine industry. Now the government has granted an Amsterdam firm a license to scrap the ship in a zero-pollution manner in the world's first "green" ship-breaking and scrapping yard.

Piracy, Terrorism, and Territorial Imperatives

The *USCGC Munro* (WHEC-7724), the British aircraft carrier *HMS Invincible*, and the destroyer *HMS Nottingham* intercepted the hijacked Thai fishing vessel *Sirichai Nava 12* and a second fishing vessel, the *Ekwat Patana*. Four automatic weapons were found in the wheelhouse, expended rounds were on the deck, and the suspects carried ammo.

Three pirates in a wooden boat attacked the Japanese-owned bulk carrier *Ocean Bridge* and made off with \$200,000. And the specialized barge *Swissco-12*, which lays fiber-optics cables, had a Coast Guard escort

as it laid a cable from Cox's Bazaar (a tourist city in Bangladesh).

Pirates were after ransom hostages when they took three men from the Indonesian tug *Bogaya 91* and three men from the Japanese tug *Idaten* (the Japanese paid \$461,000). Armed guards will be on tugs in the future while they are in the Malaccan Strait.

Odd Bits

High freight rates are worsening crew shortages as owners keep older ships working and have new ships. One problem is that it takes a new recruit three to five years to qualify for the lower ratings. Vietnamese and Indonesian seafarers need better training but the shortage may be solved by using Chinese mariners. Wages would be extremely low and China has more than a dozen maritime training schools and seven academies of higher learning that trained the 380,000 officers and ratings already at work. However, lack of command of the English language and competition from other ways of earning a living in that ever-expanding nation are inhibitory factors. In any case, the increasingly pervasive tendency to "criminalize" all seafarers is not helping persuade anyone, especially youngsters, to go to sea.

Several hundred French sailors blocked the French end of the Chunnel as a protest against government plans to reform registry rules for shipping.

The oldest surviving steam trawler is the *Viola*, built in 1906 and abandoned in the '70s at South Georgia Island in the sub-Antarctic after a long career as an elephant sealer, a support vessel for many expeditions, and a role in sinking the German submarine *UB 30* in World War I. Still fitted with her original steam engine, she may yet return to her home at Hull in the U.K.

In case you are interested, 25 teams will compete in the eighth running of the International Submarine Races.

And a small autonomous underwater vehicle named *Spray* will depart from off Bermuda, head northwest across the Gulf Stream to the edge of the continental shelf, and then head back to Bermuda for recovery in July. Enroute, researchers will be able to track and communicate with *Spray* via a satellite link.

Headshakers

Some people claim you have to be stupid to go to sea, but a senior British Army official pointed out that suicide rate for Army recruits under 20 is five times greater than for the smarter Royal Navy recruits. The RAF fell somewhere in between.

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You know I don't know if I actually explained why I modified Atkin's Rescue Minor design in all the articles I have written about the boat or not, but I have had a good many people ask me that. I could just give the short and general answer that I did it because I wanted to and was fool enough to think I could do better than the old master, which is actually correct, but most of the people who have inquired (have you visited the Yahoo Atkin group?) seriously wanted to know the details so I will try to explain right now.

My intention in building what I call the "Rescue Minor" was to get a pretty good boat that would run economically in shallow water without a sacrificial outboard motor. I needed the boat to be big enough to safely haul my six grandchildren and three or four adults in the often rough bay where I live. Not only that, but I wanted the complete rig to wind up light enough to pull behind an old Diesel Mercedes. Except for the weight, I thought Atkin's Rescue Minor would have done very well in its original configuration but I have a strong prejudice against plywood and indeed flat-panel chine-style boats no matter what they are made of. A flat panel is just plain not as strong for its weight as a convex surface and I have made a fetish of lightweight boats all my life. If I couldn't build a boat lighter than anybody else, I would have never been able to survive in this business.

I ordered two sets of plans from Pat Atkin... the real Rescue Minor and a boat the same size called "Everhope." I also scrounged up the old *MotorBoating* articles about the "Surprise" and the "Big Surprise" which were tunnel boats like Rescue Minor but actually planing motorsailers. I also ordered the study plans for "Shoals Runner," the littlest and last of Atkin's shallow draft Seabright skiffs.

By eyeball extrapolation between all the designs I was able to delude myself that I understood not only what he was doing but the direction of the evolution of the shape. I lofted the part of the bottom of the Rescue Minor, including the cavity and the after half of the "box keel" and built that shape. Then I built one of my skiffs on top of it. My boat is a foot longer and a little more than a foot wider although it is the same width at the

Why I Modified the Atkins Rescue Minor Design

By Robb White

planing water line. My bow is way fatter than Atkins and the forefoot is far more hollow even than the Everhope. I like a full bow and a hollow forefoot on any boat. I believe my boat will run drier than the real Rescue Minor and will carry more of a load in a chop.

By building the boat strip planked (out of tulip poplar which is almost as light as cedar but stronger than hard maple) and fiberglassing the hull inside and out, I was able to get a boat that has proven to be plenty strong that weighs less than half of Atkin's design. That little 135lb engine helped a lot, too. The whole rig, aluminum trailer, oars, fuel, anchors... all the gear, weighed 585lbs on the truck scales. A Mercedes will handle it fine.

I have been asked many times why I did the topsides of the stern with so much tumblehome. I did it because I like the way it looks, for one thing, but another reason is that the only thing the stern of an inboard boat does is to hold the bottom. You don't have to sit back there with the motor so there is no need for it to be wide at the top and no reason for all that extra weight of wood to make it so. All the volume I needed under the stern deck is what it would take to make enough air space to float the engine, and even though I pulled the sides in so the top of the transom is only 22" wide, I have enough volume under the stern deck to float two of those little engines. Another reason for tumblehome in any planing skiff is to get a little convexity into the topsides back where things would be straight without it and, like I said, convexity is stronger than straight and flat.

I have also been asked if I had it to do all over again would I do it the same way? If I could keep the one I have now for when I have to haul a bunch of children or stuff (the Rescue Minor will plane over a thousand

square feet of roofing easily) I would build a smaller one for everyday use. We don't actually need a boat that big most of the time. I am thinking about 16' long and maybe 5' wide (with a 2-cylinder gasoline engine) built as light as possible to pull behind Jane's Kia or something like that. The boat would be built the same way, though. I might incorporate the spray rails into the hull like Chris Craft did, though.

It is a pretty good boat. It is sort of wet in a chop but any boat with only about a foot of freeboard where you are sitting will let a little spray in there with you. It is also slow when it is rough enough to make a big deep vee boat slow down... much slower than the deep vee... but it will go in anything we have encountered including weather in which a deep vee can't plane. I am convinced that it is as good a sea boat as my old 26' motor whaleboat.

It steers perfectly under all conditions and will not root and try to broach running downwind which is, I believe, the most dangerous thing for powered skiffs. It will cavitate (ventilate) when driven hard in a short chop if there is no load in the boat but two people but all you have to do is slow down or load up. It does not pound... runs about like a deep vee the same size (?). It planes off level and has a very low planing speed. It will actually turn in its own length and, the best part... it gets better than 26 nautical miles to the gallon. I like it better than any skiff I ever built and I have built a lot of skiff boats. The only improvement I plan to make is to fix up some kind of shelter so we can go on a cruise in it... wouldn't have to take a dinghy. There are some photographs of the boat on my web site.

As for a real Rescue Minor, if I was to build one I would build it out of aluminum. At that show in Apalach a nice man gave me the CAD printout for all the panels of the original boat. I don't know how accurate a thing like that is but it was certainly interesting.

In all my snooping and lurking and letter writing I have never found anybody who has actually seen one of the Atkin's tunnel boats except for mine and the big one Alex Hadden built up in Maine, but there are too many of the plans for Atkin to have been wasting his time.

Modifying Plans of Famous Boat Designers A Regular Rant

By Robb White

I understand completely and can't blame them at all. What they are trying to do is to keep some ignorant builder from messing up a good thing and attributing the results to them. One of the most common things some people think is that higher sides make for a more seaworthy boat and it is real easy to raise the sides of a boat one strake. Take a pencil to the plans of any boat and do that sometime and, if you have any eye at all, you can see what I am talking about. If you can't

see what I am talking about, you damn sure better leave the design work to somebody else.

If you built the boat high like that it would act completely differently in the water and, if the original designer found out what you had done in his name, God help your miserable soul when you got to the Pearly Gates if his arrival had preceded yours... particularly if his name was L. Francis Herreshoff. William Atkin was a pretty nice guy and his son, John, was a real nice guy but I believe from reading a few of L. Francis' opinions that he would lobby with St. Peter to put the thumbs down on your presumptuous ass without even considering how many times you got dressed up in your best finery and polished the SUV to go to church.

But those old guys are wrong about modifying designs. Every boat that is built is

In my spastic involvement with the internet it has come to my attention that one of the subjects most fervently discussed in various chat rooms is the disclaimer of lots of wonderful boat designers as to how one should not fool around with the perfection that flowed from their pen, India ink from the Rapidograph upon the vellum. I think Billy Atkin said it most succinctly, "Shipmates, do not completely spoil the professional character of the design by adding useless curves and sweeps of little, if any, value to the performance and purpose of the boat. Follow the plans and the intent of the designer and make a shipshape little craft." How's that for a straightforward statement? L. Francis said the same thing but he, as was his wont, took more sentences to say it and I believe I have caught a hint of it from Bolger right here in the pages of this magazine, too.

just another step in the evolution. Nobody actually has a brand new idea. Back in the old eyeball building days capable builders used to carefully examine other people's boats and, if they had the stuff, make improvements in the model. You can see that very well in the pages of H.I. Chappelle's *American Small Sailing Craft*. I am sure that most of the lore is long gone but the famous and very capable Friendship sloop didn't emerge already perfect like Venus from the shell. Maybe Morse worked it out but I bet anything he looked over the work of other people first and Ralph Stanley continues the progression to this day.

The rule is simple: If you build on the experience of somebody else, you must explain that clearly like when you paraphrase what somebody said in copyrighted material. I could run this thing into the ground but I'll just take my cue and make my own statement as simply as I can:

"Shipmates, do not fool around with the designs of another man unless you are ready to accept the consequences, not only on the water but at the Pearly Gates."

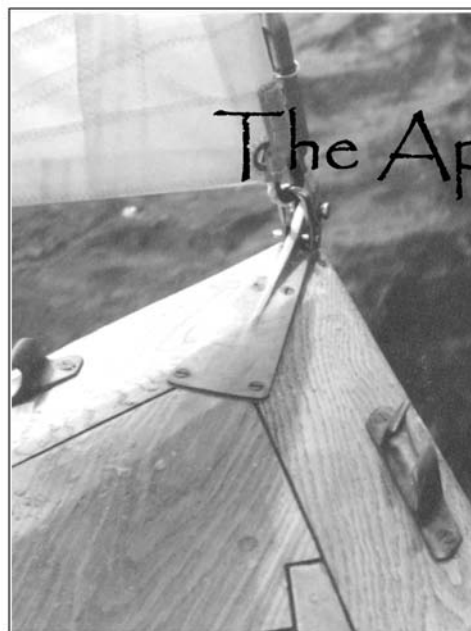
Rescue Minor Modifications Revisited

Well, obviously I took a lot of liberties with William Atkin's 1942 design. For one thing the real Rescue Minor is a hard chined boat but I put in a lot of useless curves. I graduated from hard chined boats back in 1964. In my humble opinion, hard chines are not as good as round bilges either in integrity of structure or behavior in the water... heavier for one thing. I won't beat this old dead horse anymore but I'll just say that my hull modifications worked out exactly to suit me and after four years of running the boat I am very pleased.

My propulsion modifications suit me, too. The boat couldn't run any better if it had a store bought, from the marine supply place, \$3,000, 200lb Velvet Drive transmission and a four-year-old Sendure heat exchanger with a Jabsco raw water pump to feed it. But... I would do two things differently if I had to do it again. One, is I would eliminate the way Atkin angled the shaft away from straight with the keel to keep the boat from walking off to port when backing up. I don't ever back up under power anymore (my reverse is a 10' bamboo pole) and any effect of the offset when going forward is negated by the absolute control of the rudder at any speed. I can't find any incidence of Atkin doing that in any other of his tunnel boats including Shoals Runner, which he designed later and which is the same size and draft as Rescue Minor.

Another thing I would do would be to extend the thick fiberglass stern tube all the way out to the propeller instead of having all that shaft exposed. I would not do like William Atkin did on a lot of his boats and put the stuffing box on the outside of the boat, though. I don't see how the cutlass bearing could get enough water to lubricate itself like that. You don't reckon Billy Atkin was fooling around, do you?

Luckily I won't have to worry about the lobbying of his good soul up in Heaven. I sealed my fate in the hereafter a long time ago. I don't have any Sunday-go-to-meeting togs or a shiny SUV.



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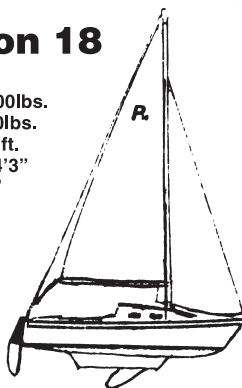
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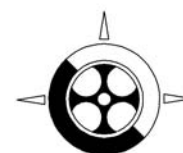
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I've been messing with boats for many years and the older I get, the lightest boat in the fleet seems to get the most use. I am somewhat of a canoe nut and over the years I have used canoes of all types. During this time I developed a preference for wooden canoes. As a result, I had been thinking about how I could cut a little weight off a wooden canoe. So, after restoring wood and canvas canoes and building strippers, I decided to attempt a hybrid using both ribs and strips to cut the weight of the fiberglass cloth on the inside of the hull.

For my first attempt I used a conventional form for strippers. The strips were glued up and a layer of 6oz cloth was used on the outside. It was then removed from the form and the ribs were installed after sanding the inside. The ribs were epoxied in and the whole inside given a coat of epoxy. It was then trimmed out using the lighter woods, mainly spruce for gunwales and thwarts, etc. The boat was used for many years and was just recently sold. It proved to be a satisfactory experiment. The boat was a 15' tandem with a 34" beam and a 12" center depth, weighing in at 44lbs.

As a result of this success I decided to build a 14' single for fishing, using a different approach. I cut 3/4" off my forms and put on 1/4"x3/4" longitudinal strips. The form then looked like the one in Jerry Stelmock's book, *Building the Maine Guide Canoe*, in which he explains how to build a single wood and canvas canoe. The strips were attached to the plywood forms using sheetrock screws going through the plywood and then into the strips. Now all the screws were accessible from the inside so I could remove the form when the hull was rolled over.

Since my workshop is in the cellar, any mess that's made in the house becomes my responsibility. As a result, the driveway becomes the work area. Quite often, in the dead of winter, I can be found sawing, planing, routing, etc., out in the elements. The neighbors give me some weird looks as they drive by, but the clean-up is much easier, especially if the wind is blowing hard.

The materials for the strips and ribs were white cedar. I cut the strips 5/16" thick on the bandsaw and then planed them to 1/4" so they finished out at 1/4"x3/4". Then I made a jig that held two routers so that one pass through made the bead and cove. The ribs were cut and finished off at 2" wide by 5/16" thick. The edges were rounded and then sanded.

The stems were laminated using spruce strips and epoxy. The inwales were 3/4"x3/4" spruce. I went to the local lumberyard and found a 16'x2"x6" board with a section clear enough to cut both the inner and outer gunwales. The inwales were fitted to the form and everything was ready for the ribs.

My steaming rig was kind of a "Rube Goldberg" device. I used a pot with a wood plug cut to fit the top. Then I cut a hole to fit a 4" plastic elbow with a length of 4" pipe long enough to take the longest rib. On the end of the pipe I cut a wooden plug with slots cut in it to separate the ribs. Then I draped an old towel over the end of the pipe. The heat source was the shop woodstove. Lo and behold, the damn thing worked fine despite a few wise remarks from hecklers watching the progress of the project.

The ribs were then bent over the form and nailed to the inwales. The ribs were

Building of a Hybrid Canoe

By Art Brunt

spaced 4" apart to allow room for the half ribs. The next step was to fair the ribs and stems. Finally, it was time for the strips. I used gorilla glue to put the strips together and hold them to the ribs. The first strips were clamped near the inwales with the groove up for easy application of the glue. Spring clamps work great for this. Then I would dampen the rounded edge of the next



strip and the ribs with a sponge. This is necessary to get a good bond between the strips and ribs. That is all that's holding this rig together. There are no staples or tacks. At this point, I'll tell you that this method of building is slow as I would get only six strips on in one day. There was an advantage to having the ribs. I could use short strips and just butt splice them on the ribs, eliminating any scarf joints.

One little story not pertaining directly to the building of the canoe proved to be rather memorable. While hard at work on stripping, I would be playing tapes on my tape recorder for inspiration. One day I put on my favorite banjo tape and accidentally hit the record button along with the play. Approximately five minutes later it dawned on me that there was no music coming forth. I discovered what I had done and uttered a minor expletive. Naturally it was all recorded. So now when I play this tape, I have to chuckle at the sounds of sawing, tapping, etc., followed by my faux pas.

Sometime later I had my grandson with me in the truck enroute to a northern New Hampshire river for a camping and fishing trip. Unknowingly I put this tape on and the kid almost passed out from laughing. So now it is a family joke that just won't go away. The moral of the story is, if you are playing a tape recorder, pay close attention when you reload it or be prepared to face the music.

To continue, once the stripping was completed, the outside of the hull was sanded and a layer of 6oz fiberglass cloth applied with epoxy resin. The stems were taped and the outside of the boat was done. The canoe was now turned over and the form was dismantled. The half ribs were cut and glued in place. It was easy to wedge them in place and get good contact by putting a board under the inwales.

The next project was to scrape the excess glue from the inside of the hull and give it a final sanding. The inside was then given a coat of resin followed with a couple of coats of varnish.

The gunwales were screwed on, short decks put in, and I then started to make the seat, thwarts, and a removable carrying yoke. I used some mahogany to make the seat frame which was varnished and then woven with rawhide. I have a preference for rawhide seats. I like the appearance and durability of them. For the rawhide, I bought what is called a rawhide bend from Tandy Leather. I trimmed it so it was round and then set the fence on my bandsaw to 1/4" and kept turning the round to get my rawhide strips. In *Wooden Canoe* magazine there is an article on lacing rawhide seats. It was in Issue #78, dated December 1996. The thwarts were 5/8" thick. The carrying yoke was 1/4" and it attached with two wing nuts. The seat was mounted just aft of center so the removable yoke was necessary.

The final pieces were bolted in, stem bands installed, and the last coat of varnish applied. The final product weighed in at 40lbs. I'm an "old buzzard" and I can easily load it on my pick-up by myself. It has proven to be a very satisfactory solo fishing canoe.

Later on I built a 15' tandem using the same technique. Two seats and a fixed carved carrying yoke were the only differences. I'm already thinking about making a 15' square stern. The only problem with this boat building obsession is that it never seems to end!

One summer day a few years ago I was working at the lock and a beat up old pickup truck came in and backed up to the upper guide wall of the lock. Several guys jumped out and began unloading buckets and rolls of fiberglass and tubs of polyester resin on our wall.

I went up the wall and challenged them. I mostly wanted to know what they were up to. This was a group of rednecks who were on a mission. I was told that they wanted to board a downbound vessel that was due to arrive shortly. I contacted the vessel and made sure that they were expected. Then I got a lesson on fiberglass repairs.

Two of the guys stayed and a third, the driver, left after talking over where he would pick up the two the next day.

"Okay," I asked, "what do you do with all this stuff?" They had me completely baffled.

"We repair hatch covers," was the answer, then he spent a few minutes filling me in on how they do it. I would like to share this with you.

Hatch covers on most modern river barges are made of fiberglass. They are a lot lighter than the older steel ones. Lighter means that the barge can now carry a few more tons of cargo. Lighter also means more fragile. The crane operators at the loading docks sometimes get a bit rushed when they lift off the covers and the covers get nicks. The corners take the worst beating.

This crew (I'm sure there are others like them) board a boat with their tools and materials and set up a production line fixing the damaged corners. The system is quit simple,



Repairing Hatch Covers

By Mississippi Bob

all it requires are a few rednecks who don't mind getting dirty and spending a night or two traveling on the river, and a bunch of fiberglass product.

The first thing they do is to find the broken corners. Then they find good corners elsewhere on the barge that match the broken ones. They use an undamaged corner as a mold to get the shape of the repair part that they will build.

The products that they use are primarily woven roving fiberglass mat and poly-ester resin. They also use some fiberglass rope to stiffen the edges. The hatch covers are about 3/8" thick except near the edges where they usually have 1" round solid glass edge.

The first step in the repair is to put a parting agent down on top of the good corner. They use old motor oil and smear some of that on the good corner. Now they can begin to build a new part.

They cut out a couple pieces of mat the size that the patch will be and wet them out with some heavily catalyzed resin. These pieces of glass are laid over the good oiled corner and bent around the curves. They let this cure and go back to the damaged corner and saw and rasp off any damaged glass that can get in the way of installing the new part.

On a warm summer day they don't have to wait around long until the patch is hard. This piece gets lifted off and carried to the repair corner. A little acetone removes the motor oil from this part and it is ready to install. Both surfaces are cleaned (a little) and some poly putty is mixed to glue this part down. As soon as this piece is installed they lay on many more layers of roving and fiberglass mat to build up the thickness needed to make this patch as strong as the original. This thick patch cures almost as fast as they layer it on. The same operation is done on as many covers as the owners are willing to pay for. They may ride for awhile if there is a lot of work.

These boys have a skill that is definitely a niche occupation. I am willing to bet that they don't get paid very well for doing it.

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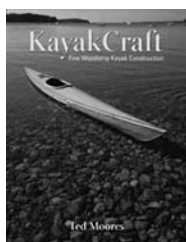
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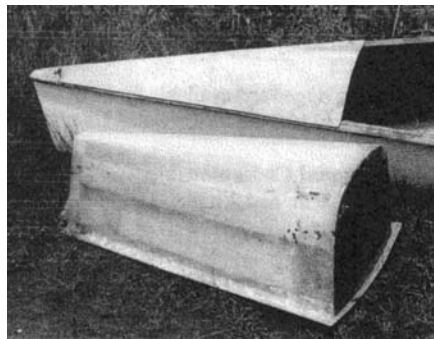
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Deck Tanks Portable Flotation

By Larry Zuk
(Reprinted from *Canoe Sailor*)



As an alternative to permanent bulkheads and decks, I use foam blocks, poured foam, or air bags for extra flotation in my canoes. I built air tanks attached to the underside of the decks. They are removable, leaving the canoe lighter for paddling or light air sailing and they make the canoe easy to clean. In case of any leaking, they may be patched or sealed from the outside while out of the canoe. My pair of 39" cruising decks for the Dragonfly added 9lbs to the weight of the canoe.

The bottom of the tank is flat and allows 1/2" underneath for water to drain back into the middle of the canoe where it can be bailed out. I used a bottom plate and a stem plate of 3mm marine plywood to get the desired shape on the first tank. The second tank I molded off the first except for the bulkhead and now I am molding tanks for other Dragonfly canoes.

First I coated the inside of the canoe end with parting compound, or lined it with Saran Wrap, to be able to release the tank after molding. Then I placed the bottom ply and the stem ply into the canoe. If they slide around, glue them in with contact bond. Then I glassed the inside of the hull and plywood with two layers of 6oz glass cloth. I used epoxy, although polyester would be fine. The tank should be slightly longer than the deck at this time. I brought the glass up over the gunwale to form a flange to glue to the deck. The two pieces of plywood were left in as part of the tank.

I shaped the bulkhead of 3mm marine plywood to fit nicely, but not necessarily water tight, at the end of the deck length. Mine is 39". Remember, the deck length is measured to the end of the deck and bulkhead. I left the top extended 3" to trim to the deck shape later. I glassed in the bulkhead on the inside with two layers of 2" glass strips and coated the surface of all wood surfaces to protect against water absorption and rot. I then pulled the tank out of the canoe and cleaned the inside of the canoe.

Now, working on the outside of the tank was easy. I trimmed the excess glass and glue off the tank with a disc sander and, using strips of glass, reinforced the joint at the bulkhead and wherever else it needed it. I put 2"x3"x1" blocks in the two corners where the skin, bulkhead, and deck join and a block where the front of the tank will fit up against the existing canoe deck.

At the stem, small, end I put a "beak" of 3/4" plywood which will hold the tank down by wedging under the canoe deck. Fit this to size by putting the tank back into the canoe and trimming to fit.

My decks are crowned 3" above the gunwale at the bulkhead. I tried on the deck bend and carefully trimmed the top of the bulkhead to fit. This is the only critical watertight joint since all the others can be sealed from the outside.

As an optional feature, I put two strips of 2" ethafoam down each side of the tank with a spreader in the middle to hold the tank sides out against the hull of the canoe to reduce flexing when the canoe is submerged. As an optional feature, a plastic nipple could be glued into the stem end with a cap to be opened for breathing or emptying condensed water.

Now I was ready to put on the deck. I had made my decks oversize all around with a 1/4"x1/2" support strip glued down the middle of the center and coated all over with epoxy. I put two glass strips on the flanges over the gunwale, over the block at the stem, and under the deck where it goes over the bulkhead. I saturated the glass and clamped on the deck, leaving it hang over all edges for trimming later.

Then I put plastic Saran Wrap over the inverted finished tank and molded the second tank open at the bulkhead. After trimming, I put it into the other end of the canoe and fit in the bulkhead. This allows for one end of the canoe to be slightly smaller or larger than the other. Then finish the second tank as the first.

Now I took the two completed tanks to the lake and submerged them. Very difficult. Tremendous flotation. Any leaks can be patched from the outside. If desired, hatches may be installed and the tank used for storage as with a permanent compartment.

To install the tank in the canoe, I pushed it securely into the end of the canoe, making sure the end was firmly held in place by the deck. I put small bolts through the deck and gunwale. A brass clip could be used, screwed onto the deck into the wood blocks, glued under the corner of the deck with blocks glued under the gunwale to keep the tank from sliding back into the canoe.



Celestial Navigation

By Robb White

I guess there are a few old people left who still understand how to navigate by the stars just like there are a few old engineers and such who still know how to use a slide rule, but to most folks those ancient practices are a mystery. I won't call either one of those abilities an "art" because any fool can learn how to do them. I, for a prime example, learned to use a slide rule when I was very young because I was too stupid to learn arithmetic, and now I am a calculator whiz. The arithmetically challenged have to figure out other kinds of ways to get along in this complicated world.

I can figure the gas mileage of a car without even using a pencil. I don't even have to have an odometer. I just go to the coast and back and fill the car up. Back when I had a car that was still young enough to have a working odometer, I measured the route. It is exactly 100 miles from the shop to the boat ramp... one way. I can divide anything into a hundred in my head. The only thinking I have to do is to remember that a round trip is 200 miles and that confuses me enough so I have to delegate that calculation to Jane. This tendency toward simplemindedness qualifies me to boil down most any kind of complication to the pure essence.

The damned books about celestial navigation are ridiculously mind boggling. Even the very talented Mary Blewitt (from whom I learned to understand the way it works) took way too long and went way too far in her explanation. I'll cut it to the naked bone for you. You know I taught every eighth grader in Jefferson County, Florida, celestial navigation for ten years. You know children are very susceptible to new knowledge... particularly those whose skulls have not been completely numbed by the joys of Sesame Street and the rigors of puberty. A little later they'll get to where they are only interested in making fools of themselves with various obsessive compulsions and that carries on up into business person age.

From the eighth grade on, people just get stupider and stupider until finally, after they get too old to do anything about it, it dawns on some of them that there is something better than money and golf. Some of these mature, elderly senior citizens get interested in knowledge and try to cram in a little just before graduation time. It is to that segment of the population this tome is aimed.

The doings of the visible universe are kind of simple. The world is situated somewhere in a vast disc of other celestial objects which revolve around each other and rotate upon their polar axes in an ancient ritual, the origin of which is sort of subject to speculation. I am going to leave all that alone except to say that our disc (the Milky Way) is sort of aligned with the equator ("the plane of the ecliptic") and with the approximate paths of the other planets which revolve around the sun and then, way out there somewhere, with the center of our old Milky Way galaxy. Though there is some ambiguity in the meanings of the two words "revolve" and "rotate" amongst the community of astronomers and such, the two words are usually used like I used them above.

You know I like things to be correct. That is one of the reasons I have had so much

trouble getting stuff published. Editors are (with a very few, very exceptional exceptions) an ignorant lot and are apt to apply that ignorance in an apparent random manner to manuscripts. The advent of the cursed computerized "spell check" is the worst nightmare to those of us who know what the hell is what. Mike Rosoff (or anybody named McIntosh) has absolutely no business fooling with the way I spell words... too damned ignorant.

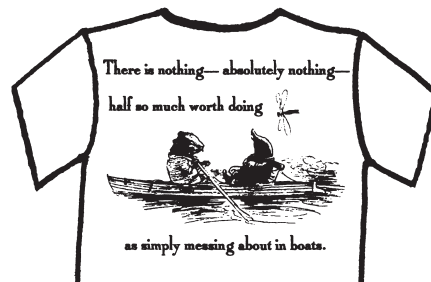
I didn't mean to get pedantic and complicate the beautiful simplicity of celestial navigation by introducing a lesson in the proper use of the most complicated language ever devised by minds of men... men who didn't have anything else to do but make up language rules because golf and reality TV hadn't been invented yet... so I'll get it over with real quick. All you have to do to find out where you are is to measure the angle formed by a line from your ass to the center of the earth with the plane of the equator and hence any object out there in the plane of the ecliptic.

The sun is a good thing to use and, because of that, many ignorant navigators of old burned their eyes out staggering around out on deck with the astrolabe at noon trying to figure out how to go where they thought they wanted to go. You don't even need a sextant... a plumb bob and a plastic protractor will work.

Of course, the great Blewitt (and the cursed Bowditch) couldn't help explaining about all these seasonal deviations caused by the changes of the tilt of the axis of the earth and slight anomalies of the stars and planets usually assumed to be lined up with the equatorial plane, but those are just little details. There are very thick almanacs that give correction factors for every planet, star, and season imaginable and there are forms you can enter the data into so you won't forget to apply the corrections, but you don't need all that. You ain't trying to survey the darn thing for a deed. Just a general idea is all a person like me needs.

Measuring the angle from plumb to any object in the plane of the ecliptic will tell you how far you are from the pole (N or S... you need to be aware which) but in order to tell how far you are E or W, you have to know the difference between what time it is in the middle of the floor of the observatory in Greenwich, England (the land of presumptuous people... full of editors) and what time it is where you are. It takes a lot of accurate work with clocks and all and is beyond the scope of this study.

Besides, old time navigators didn't fool with longitude all that much, and I don't either. It is easy to tell the difference between Cuba and Florida when you are out at sea. The mountains of Cuba have trees on them and the mountains of Florida have balconies with Yankees on them. The only mistake that can be made is that the highest mountain in Dade County is the garbage pile, but it has buzzards on it.



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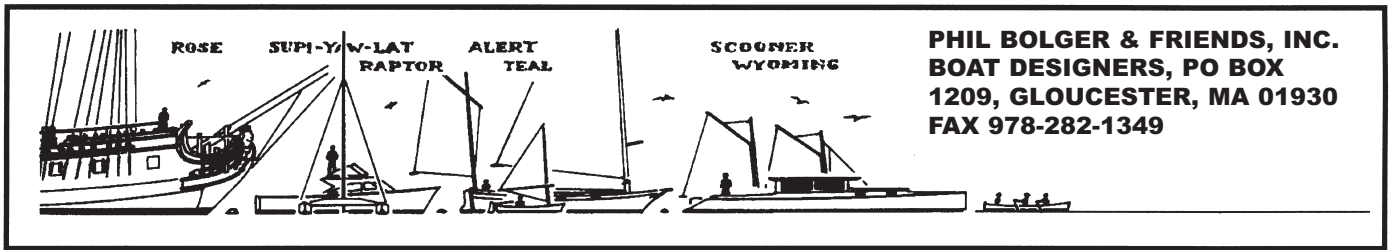
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Ladyslipper was designed 20-odd years ago as a production model for Edey & Duff, to be built in Airex foam-core construction. The perceived market niche was the wife who wants to (or at least is willing to!) sail with her dedicated sailor husband, but who finds the husband's boat intimidating. Ladyslipper was supposed to be small enough and docile enough to induce confidence in boat handling which would propagate to the bigger boat. Another expected market was for clubs and individuals who had only a modest lake handy to sail on, but wanted something less strenuous and more comfortable to sail than the racing-derived classes; something roomy and dry, to relax in and admire the scene on a pleasant day.

Hence the wide beam and high sides to sit or recline down in the boat, and the balanced bow and stern shapes to behave pleasantly at varying angles of heel, with no need to keep shifting position and hiking out to keep the boat upright. A shape like this can't plane so is limited to "displacement speed," which on this short length is about 3-1/2kts. When sailing on confined waters this is actually an advantage if the boat is reasonably spirited. It gives a feel of sailing without running out of sea room every few minutes.

Ladyslipper Class Sailing Dinghy Design #318

7'6" x 5'0" x 1'11" 59sf Sail Area

The beam of 66% of the length is not unprecedented, some Australian racing dinghies were as wide as they were long, but the design of very wide boats doesn't seem to have been much studied, at least by people who do the designing on paper. The old-timers who designed with half-models usually understood it quite well because they would stretch a string around the model to envisage the flow of water. On paper you have to do the same thing, but in the mind's eye helped out by diagonal lines struck through the body plan of the boats, as shown here. But a plane diagonal often doesn't give true impression of where the water wants to go.

The lower of the two diagonals on this plan is quite representative of the flow at the stern, but at the bow it carries too high on the stem and the resulting line is blunter at its

forward end than the true shape as it encounters water molecules. Some of the designs for those ultra-wide Australian dinghies projected curved diagonal planes at the forward end to stay more or less normal to the sectional shape of the boat, but I usually just allow for the effect when I'm considering whether the bow looks as though it was the right sharpness. If that lower diagonal had the blunt forward end sharpened, the forward waterlines would show an exaggerated hollow with a blade-like entry that takes away useful displacement. The boat will act as though she was shorter on the waterline than the measured length implies.

In this case the boat is quite shallow-bodied and most of the water she displaces goes under rather than around her. The very full forward end of the bilge diagonal is not in the water except when it's encountering very steep waves, when its buoyancy is appreciated!

I had the prototype out for a trial sail on Buzzard's Bay in January some 20 years ago and was delighted with her. She felt and handled like a real boat, lively and spirited but not twitchy. She was nicely "hung," on a close, or even a beam, reach the tiller was close to fore and aft, but if the tiller was

released it would spring to leeward, not too hard, and the boat would start rounding up in a gentle luff. I take this to be ideal, indicating that she's getting the full benefit of the lateral plane of the rudder to hold her against leeway, but not dragging it at an angle. A keel like this is not very "efficient" for its wetted surface drag, but this is one of several boats with such keels that showed very nice handling manners.

There was a moderate breeze, all this tiny boat wanted with full sail and one person on board. There was the usual Buzzard's Bay chop which Ladyslipper handled quite elegantly, with no spray throwing and no feeling of pitching twice in the same hole. I enjoyed myself so much that it was some time before it occurred to me that being offshore in those waters at that time of year in an open boat that size was not very prudent (she was unsinkable, of course, but just getting wet would not have been healthy). I had been working to windward, and with that thought I bore away back for the E & D cove.

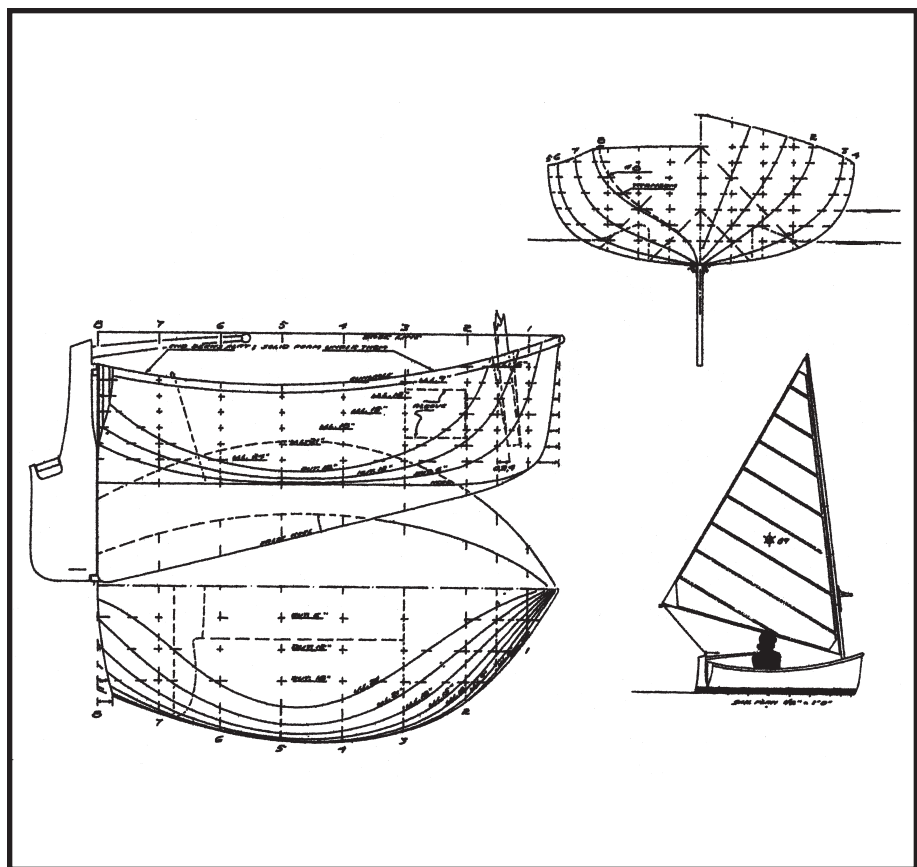
Unusually, the strength of the wind was more noticeable off the wind than close-hauled because she tried to go fast, could not because of her short, sharply curved lines, and built up a noisy bow wave and boiling wake instead of speeding up. There certainly was a sensation of speed! With weight shifted aft a bit to reduce the tendency of her sail to push the bow down, she gave the impression of a real sleigh ride, somewhat illusory as the actual speed had to be less than 4kts. Good fun all the same. She had no vices that I could see.

The class did not "take." Only about 25 of them were sold. I haven't seen one for many years though they were very well-built and most of them must be around somewhere. They cost \$1,000 each, which was a lot of money for a 7-1/2-footer in those days, and one more illustration that "short" is not necessarily the same as "small."

The keel was a nuisance on a beach. The handle on the rudder was supposed to allow them to be dragged on sand, but the geometry did not work very well and at the time we didn't think of how it could be improved. Less than 2', which could be reduced to not much more than 1' by trimming down by the head, is certainly "wading draft" but it did make it impossible to get on to a beach dry. Lastly, it's possible that the premise and the name were thought condescending at a time when feminism was getting off the ground (with my, and later our, strong approval, the intent was empowerment).

They were nice boats and worth reviving. A boat this compact, with secure open space for two people to lounge at ease and stay dry even in a moderate chop, is not that common. The plans are just lines and offsets and a sail plan, for a builder who knew more than most about how a fiberglass boat should be built. It's not sensible to build something like this, or about anything for that matter, one-off in fiberglass, but if there was serious interest we would get up a plan for strip building by experienced builders. We'd be wide open for suggestions for a better name for the class...

Plans of Ladyslipper, our Design #318, are available for \$100 to build one boat; the same or 2% of gross, whichever is more, for successive boats to the design. Plans sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, from: Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



Carved decoration on boats probably goes back to the meeting of early edged tools and the first raft used for fishing. Decorative carving on vessels reached its height in the 17th and 18th centuries when many ships became over-decorated fashion statements. By any historical yardstick modern vessels are excessively plain. No elaborate trail boards, billet, or figureheads? A return to the marine decorative standards of the 17th and 18th centuries would be great for impoverished marine carvers. On the other hand, figureheads and elaborate transoms would look pretty awful on most of the boats designed today.

A little carving can be a good thing for a boat. I've used chip carving to carve incised stars, compass roses, and other designs on everything from quarterboard ends to compass boxes. You can, too, without any prior carving experience and very little investment in tools. Chip carving requires only a sharp carving knife (one which won't fold back on you) and can be used to accent flat surfaces with pleasing designs which won't foul lines. The average student picks up the basics in an hour. Chip carving designs can be simple or very complicated. Simple works best for the beginner and on a boat.

The chip carved designs I'm going to show you all have one underlying feature, the small pyramid or chip which you excise from the plank in six careful cuts. Once you master these basics, everything else about chip carving falls into place. If you look at the first figure you'll notice a triangle with three lines running towards the angles from the center. Each of the six lines represents one of the cuts you'll make to free a pyramid of wood.

Before we start, let's consider safety. Is the work secured so it can't slip? Those little chips can fly into eyes, so am I wearing safety glasses? Am I using a carving knife? Folding knives will turn traitor and slice your hand open. Lastly, is my knife really sharp? Yes, that is a safety concern as dull knives slip and tear flesh.

Basswood and close-grained pine are both good choices to start with. The three lines inside the triangle are the ones you'll cut first. They are started deeply at the center and run out shallow at the angle. These first three cuts are made perpendicular to the surface of the wood. Don't let these become angle cuts, keep them vertical. Make these cuts in any order you please, but remember they'll be deeper at the center and shallower at the outside of the triangle. The best way to achieve this is to set your knife into the center deeply and pull back with decreasing pressure on the knife. You do not want to overrun the edges of the triangle.

After making the perpendicular cuts you'll make three cuts along the edges of the triangle. These are slicing cuts made at an angle of about 65 degrees. You can approximate this angle by placing your knife at 90 degrees, halving that to 45, and then bring it back towards the vertical about halfway. There really is no need to be too fussy here. A few degrees in one or the other direction should not matter if you are consistent, and practice will insure that. These angle cuts have more to do with your wrist movement than bullying your way through the wood. The wrist flexes, the very sharp knife does most of the work. Reminder: keep that edge sharp. If you've done everything right each

Marine Carving Chip Carving for Boat Decoration

By Louis N. Carreras



chip will pop out cleanly.

Really avid chip carvers take it as an article of faith that all chips should pop out like toast from the toaster. If yours don't all the time you may not have cut deeply enough on one or several cuts. Be careful not to undercut while trying to fix the problem, set the knife in the same plane as the original cut and cut a bit deeper. Don't yield to impatience and use the tip of your knife to wedge or flick the chip out. You'll dull the knife and spoil the work. I'll confess that not all my chips pop first time all the time. I'm not too worried about it and neither should you be. Reposition and secure the wood anytime you need to get a comfortable working angle.

After you have the basic chip down you'll be ready to move along to cutting the star (see Figure 2). In pencil, mark out all the lines for the star, including those which radiate from the center of the figure to the tips of the star's rays and to the rays' base. Like the basic chip, start by cutting your vertical cuts within the star itself from the center to the outside edge, deeper at the center and shallower at the edges. After this you take ten angled slicing cuts to clear the chips. The only caution on cutting stars is that it's easy to cut the rays unevenly. Careful recutting can rectify this, but once out of balance a star can become a carver's headache. If you have difficulty with this, take a compass and scribe a circle around the outside edge of the rays. If you don't cut beyond the circle the length of the rays will stay equal. This is a lovely, simple, and traditional design you can use to finish off the end of a quarterboard, a chest, door, or whatever you fancy.

In my next article I'll introduce you to the compass rose design that I've carved for many years. It's a bit more sophisticated than the star, but if you can carve a star, the compass rose is easy. Designs for this style of carving are easy to find. For starters try any of the books written by Wayne Barton.

Knives: I have a wide assortment of knives for doing this type of carving and lettering. They all are of the same pattern variously called a chip carver's knife, sheepsfoot, or carver's knife. The back of the blade is curved while the edge is flat. The tip receives most of the wear and tear so you have to be careful to keep it uniformly sharp.

I own knives by Mudd Sharrigan of Wiscasset, Cape Forge, Murphy Tool, Neill, Warren, and other makers. Aside from good steel, it is critical that the knife be comfortable to hold. An uncomfortable knife is dangerous to your work and your hand. If you do any amount of carving with a knife, good fit will rapidly become an issue.

Many chip carvers use a knife called a stab knife in addition to the chip carver's knife. At one point all I had was the single knife and I learned to chip carve without a stab knife. Later on I never was comfortable with a stab knife or felt it necessary for my style of carving. You may want to add a stab knife to your chip carving tool kit.

Remember, safety always comes first!

(Louis N. Carreras is proprietor of The Woodcarver's Knot Marine Carving P.O. Box 1054 Shirley, MA 01464, (978) 466-8631)

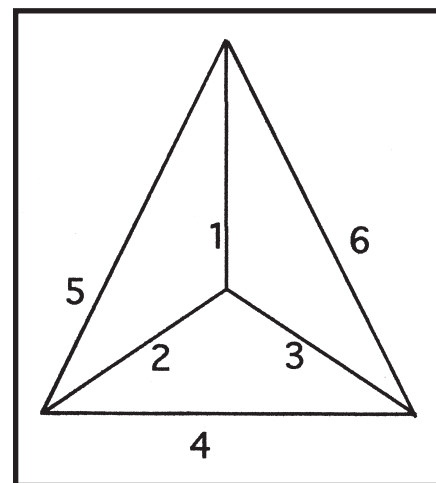


Figure 1: The Basic Pyramid

- Cuts 1, 2, 3 are perpendicular and are cut from the center to the edge.
- Cuts 4, 5, 6 are angled cuts.

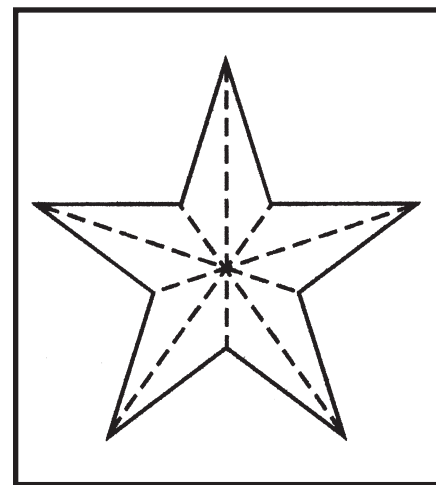



Figure 2: Cutting the Chip Carved Star

- Dashed lines indicate the perpendicular cuts.
- Solid lines indicate the angled cuts. Cut all the perpendicular cuts first, moving from the center of the star to the edges. Then make the angled cuts.

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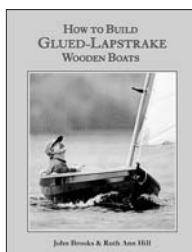
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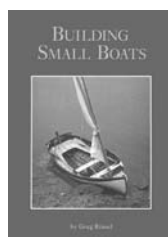
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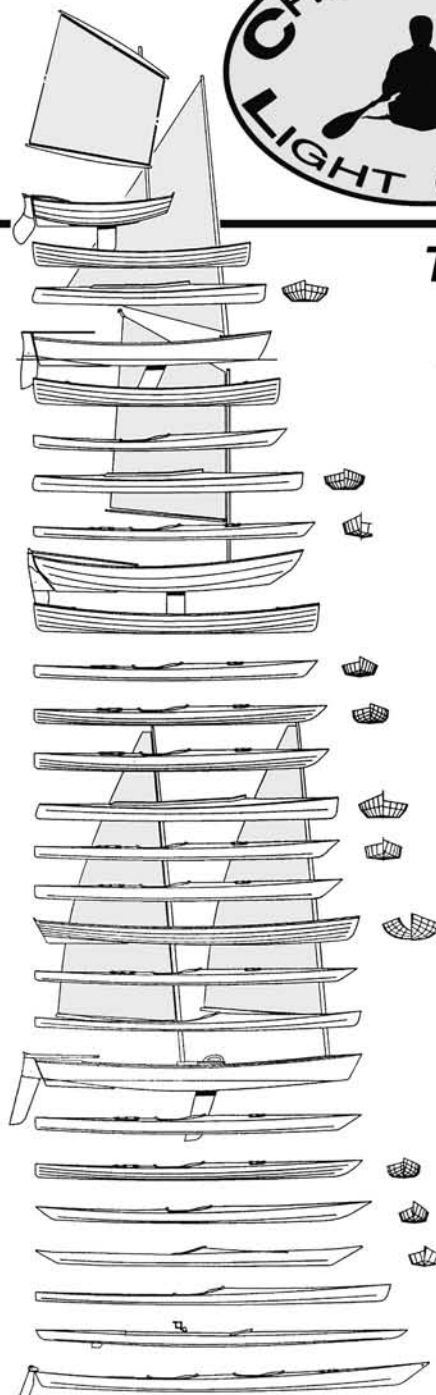
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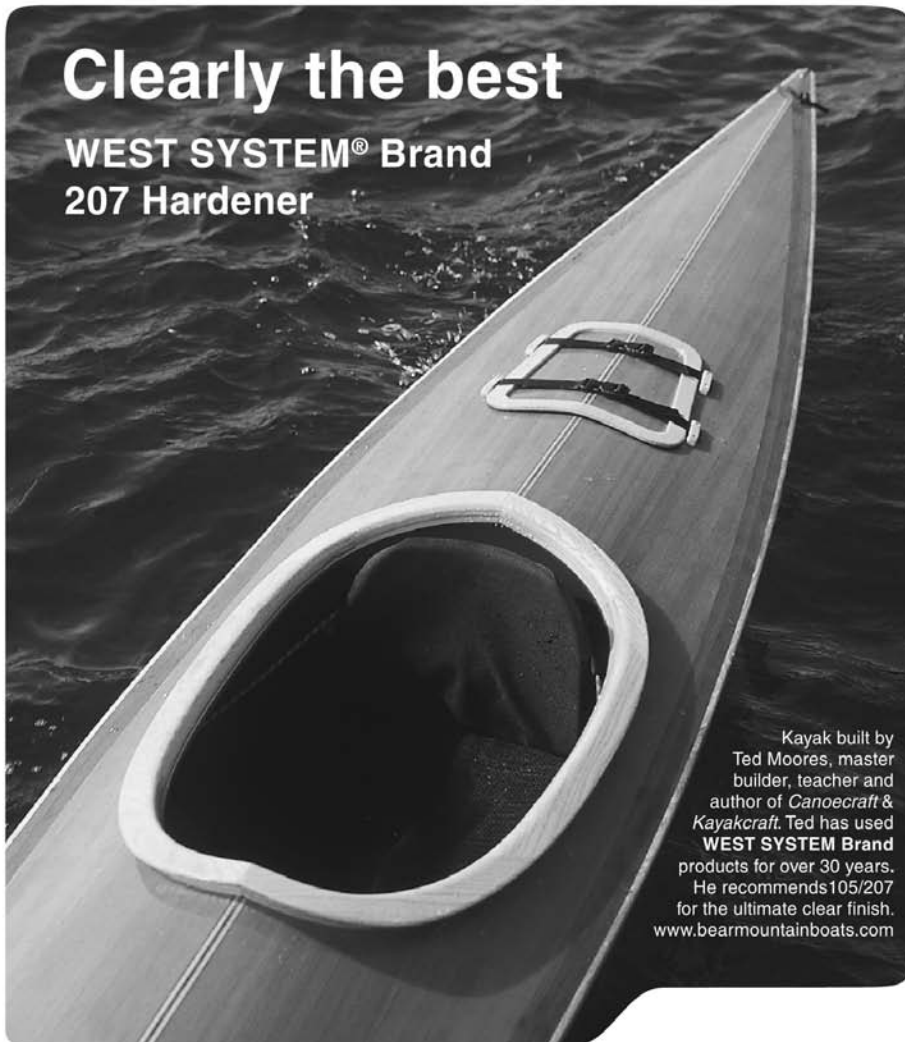
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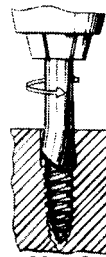
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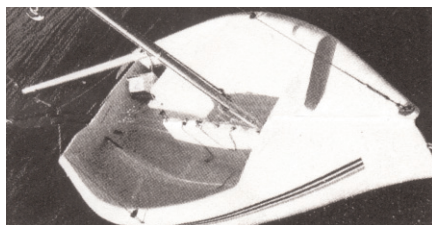
Canoe, strip planked white cedar, 17'6"x36". Edge nailed, epoxy glued, epoxy covered inside and outside. Highest quality construction, 2 cane seats plus 2 thwarts, Red tail paddles. Built 1997, used very littel, pristine condition. \$2500 obo.
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Klepper Aeriis II, '80. Compl, gd cond, new keel strip. Expedition cover w/spray skirts. Main & jib sail rig. No paddles. I have other pictures. \$1,000. Alden 16 Rowing Shell, Oarmaster II, Alden Deltor oars. New cond, almost no use due to knee injury after purchase. \$1,100.
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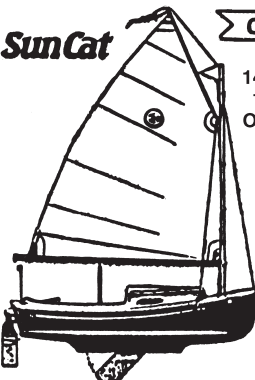


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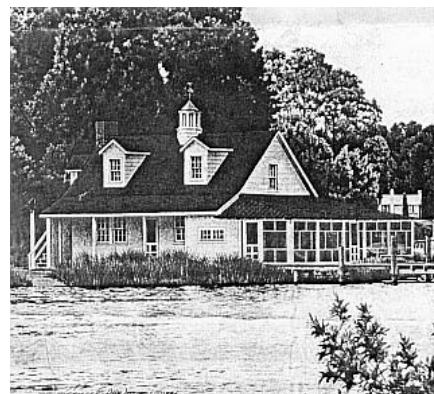
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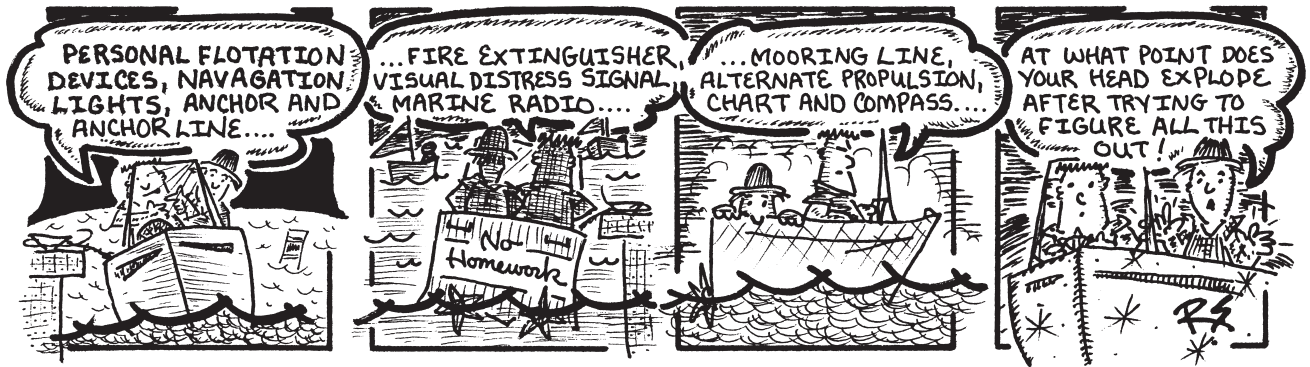
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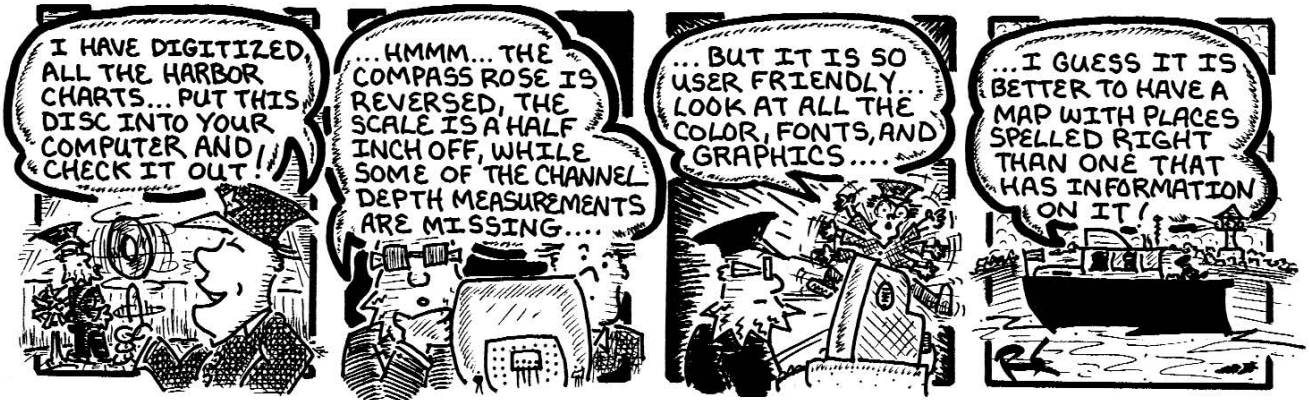
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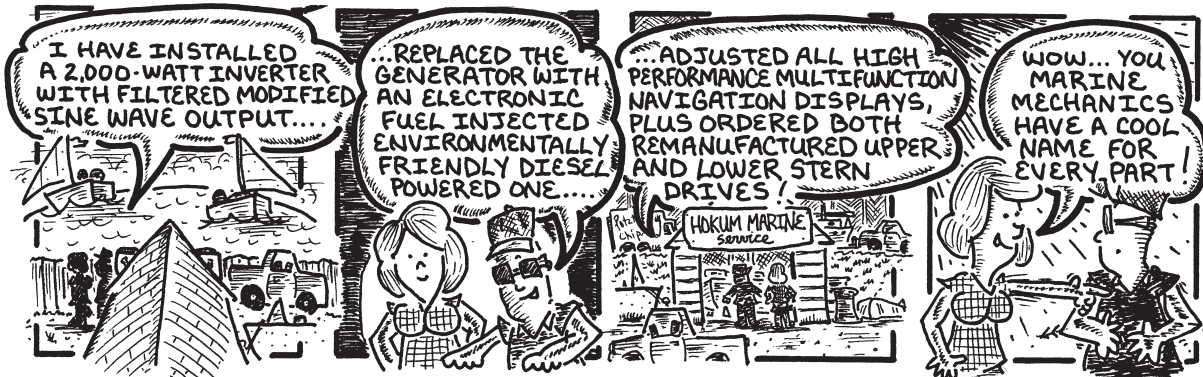
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